

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 350.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1823.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History and Antiquities of the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury; illustrated by a Series of Engravings, &c. By John Britton. 4to. pp. 114. London 1823. Longman & Co.; J. Taylor.

It must be gratifying to every lover of the Arts and of antiquarian lore, to receive from the experience and taste of Mr. Britton a volume upon that interesting edifice, Canterbury Cathedral. Much as has been published upon this subject, there remained much, especially of architectural information, to be communicated; and our author has supplied the deficiencies in that style of illustration and engraving for which he has been so generally approved, and which has obtained such popular success for his Salisbury, Norwich, York, Winchester, Lichfield, and Oxford Cathedrals.

Canterbury was the earliest seat of Christianity in Britain; and it appears, that even before the celebrated mission of St. Augustine, (A.D. 597,) Luidhard, a Chaplain to Bertha, Queen of Kent, was at the head of a congregation in this very ancient city. With some fluctuations occasioned by apostasy, scepticism, or political events, and which were overcome by miracles and perseverance on the part of the Church, the See of Canterbury grew rapidly into power, and spread its influence over all England. About A.D. 803, Ceolnoth, the first Dean on record, is mentioned as belonging to it. Archbishop Odo, above a century later, affords a striking example of the arrogance of the clergy in those remote days. He "endeavoured to render the church independent of all control. For this purpose he promulgated, in 943, his famous pastoral letter, since called the 'Constitutions of Odo,' in which he arrogantly and presumptuously says, 'I strictly command and charge that no man presume to lay any tax on the possessions of the clergy, who are the sons of God. I command the king, the princes, and all in authority to obey, with great humility, the archbishop and bishops, for they have the keys of the kingdom of heaven.'"

Many of this priest's successors followed in his footsteps. Ralph, "elected in 1114, a prelate who was extremely jealous of the prerogatives of his church, would never allow the king to put on his own crown, as that ceremony was a peculiar right of the archbishops on all occasions." And similar ambition led to the famous catastrophe of the domineering Becket.

* In the reign of Henry VIII. "in 1538, the feast of St. Thomas was specially prohibited, and the service for his festival abolished, when, instead of fasting, as had been the custom formerly, Archbishop Cramer gave a fair president of downing all regard to this feast, by supping upon flesh in his parlour." In 1539 a proclamation was issued, in which Becket was declared to have been a traitor to his prince, and ought not to be esteemed a saint. His images and pictures were ordered to be removed from all churches, his name erased from all books, and the service

It is not for us to dip into the olden and controversial history of the building of the Cathedral and its various ailes, naves, transepts, &c.; we will only mention that "during the last two or three years some useful and judicious improvements have been making, by taking away many of the iron railings which surrounded and were inserted in the monuments, and by cleaning and repairing those monuments." These involve great improvements, and have led to the discovery of some curious remains; and Mr. Britton says very aptly, that this Cathedral "at once exemplifies the powers, capabilities, varieties, and merits of Christian architecture. This, like genuine Christianity, is genial, tolerant, expansive, and appeals both to the heart and fancy of man. That heart, indeed, must be flinty, and fancy phlegmatic, which can be unmoved by the present Cathedral of Canterbury. It is an edifice of great extent and amplitude; considerable variety and intricacy; in some parts grand and imposing, and in many others curious, beautiful, and interesting. Considered in its historical relations, as well as to its architectural characteristics, it naturally awakens associations and expectations of varied and imperious interest. In the fabric itself, and in its constructive history, we expect to find much to excite, as well as to gratify curiosity; we look for satisfactory data to illustrate Gothic or Christian architecture: at this place, and in this very fabric, we expect to find some unquestionable examples of Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and all the progressive styles and varieties of ecclesiastical building; if we fail in finding all that may be wished, we shall still meet with much to gratify and reward our researches."

The engravings and descriptions happily illustrate these subjects,—the fine and interesting Altar Screen, the remarkable Crypt, and other striking parts. In the Crypt is a vault endowed by the Black Prince with the Manor of Vauxhall, for the support of two chaplains to pray for his own soul: a very different use from that to which His Royal Highness's successor, Mr. Bish, puts his share of the same Manor. Prince Edward's tomb,

appropriated to him for ever doused, under the pain of his majesty's indignation, and imprisonment at the king's pleasure."

"It is an altar tomb of gray marble, the ends and sides of which are richly adorned with quoit-panels and sixteen copper shields, on which are alternately enamelled three patriarchal plumes, and the prince's armorial bearings, being those of England and Old France quarterly, with a file of three points: over the former arms is a label with the motto *Ich dien*; and over the latter another with the word *Houmout*. On the tomb is a recumbent copper statue, gilt, of beautiful execution, the hands joined as in prayer, and the figure completely armed. The head is supported by a helmet, having a leopard for the crest, and the feet rest against a lioness, couchant. On a brass plate surrounding the upper part of the tomb, is inscribed a long epitaph in three languages. Above the monument is a canopy extending from

and that of Henry IV. and his Queen Joan of Navarre, are among the most prominent in the Cathedral.

The anecdotal portion of the volume offers some interesting matter, which we will endeavour to exemplify by a few quotations. Theodore, one of the early Bishops; and a Greek, "was among the first to institute parishes, or define parochial districts, for the purpose, as it appears, of affording to places remote from cathedrals the benefits of a resident clergy."

"The literary institutions of Theodore are still more interesting. He founded the library of Canterbury, and among other books which he brought with him to England, were copies of Homer's Iliad, &c. David's Psalms, and the Homilies of Chrysostome, some of which books were extant about a century ago. At Canterbury and other places in Kent, he instituted seminaries for education, in which, assisted by Abbot Adrian, he read lectures on 'divinity, philosophy, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and sacred music;' and so successful was he in teaching, that many of his scholars, as Bede, who was his pupil, informs us, 'were able to speak Greek and Latin as well as their mother tongue.' The example extended to the courts of kings, the castles of the nobility, and even the women caught the general enthusiasm; for the nuns we are told were accustomed to read the Scriptures with the commentaries of the fathers, together with profane history, grammar, and poetry; and in the epistles of St. Boniface are still extant several erudite letters by English ladies of this period. ---

"An anecdote of Anselm, related by William of Malmesbury, is curious, as it gives us some idea of the state of the arts at this period. He was under the necessity of travelling to Rome; and on his return, knowing that he was to be waylaid by banditti, he disguised himself to deceive them. They learned his intention, and sent an artist to Rome, who made so exact a delineation of his features, that the archbishop, who found he should be known in any dress, was obliged to travel much out of his road to avoid his enemies. He was canonized in the reign of Henry VII. His works, relating to Divinity, are very numerous, and were repeatedly published during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

John Peckham "did not spare the faults of the clergy, and his treatment of Sir Osbert Gifford shows that he paid little deference to the rank of an offender. This licentious baron having carried off two nuns from the monastery of Wilton, Archbishop Peckham

pillar to pillar, and over it hangs the trophy of the prince's arms, consisting of the helmet and crest which he wore in battle: his surcoat of velvet, and the scabbard of his dagger with his gauds. His shield is suspended against a pillar at the head of the tomb."

"The weapon itself is said to have been taken away by Oliver Cromwell."

first issued against him a sentence of excommunication; and, having thus brought him to submission, granted him absolution on the following severe terms. After interdicting him from all future connexion with nuns or nunneries, he ordered that he should be publicly scourged on three successive Sundays, in the church of Wilton, and as many times in the church and market-place of Salisbury; that he should fast a certain number of months; that he should wear no linen for three years; and that he should relinquish his knighthood as to dress and title, and swear to wear none but russet-coloured clothes until he had spent three years in the Holy Land. "If (says Bishop Godwin) some of our gentlemen were now and then thus served, they would not be so wanton as they are."

With these extracts we must conclude, only adding that the Engravings are almost too well executed.

Koningsmarke, the Long Finne; a Story of the New World. 12mo. 2 vols. New York 1823. C. Wiley.

We do not remember so little publishing in London as at present. A critic and reviewer is reduced to the greatest straits for food: some are absolutely starved to death, while the majority are compelled to sustain the cravings of nature on garbage and offal. Yea, we ourselves have looked with an inquisitive eye over sundry forbidding tomes, the ancient incumbrances of our study, which in the times of abundance, affluence, and pride, we hardly deigned to peep at. The vanity of the comparison will be pardoned us in this "low estate;" but we cannot help fancying ourselves like one of the great giants in the story-books,—fellows who devoured prodigious quantities of victual when they could get at the flesh-pots, yet were equally celebrated for their long fasts and lethargic abstinences. Grumbling as they were wont to do at pinching periods, we too are obliged to travel far and wide in search of prey,—even to New York, in the New World. There we have caught a daring adventurer, upon whom we now intend to make a meal, while looking forward with cheering hope to the better times, when, *fe, fa, fum*, we shall smell the blood of authors in plenty nearer our castle, and find wherewithal to be comforted and fattened.

Koningsmarke is, we think, altogether the most amusing novel which has crossed the Atlantic, this way. It is of the Knickerbocker cast, and often witty as well as humorous, though sometimes inclined to coarseness.

• Witness the following dialogue:

"The goblin Cupid used to do various little jobs and errands for master Ludwig, who was in the habit of calling after him with, 'Here, you d—d, idle, good-for-nothing rogue; you've nothing to do; go catch my horse, yonder—your bloody black snow ball.' Cupid, so far from taking this in dejection, would acquiesce with a mortal exhibition of white irony, knowing full well the Councilor would pay him liberally, whenever he got money. On some of these occasions, Ludwig had promised Cupid a rix-dollar for doing a job, and, being a little tardy in the performance, that likely fellow called one day to dun him, when the following dialogue is said to have taken place: Ludwig's wife enters, and says—Cupid wants you.

Ludwig. 'What does the fellow want? Curse his picture, if he wants money, tell the rascal I'll cane him.'

'He says you owe him a rix-dollar, for cutting wood last winter.'

and not always polished in style. The author is a man of talents, and under the disadvantages of occasional prosiness and the constant lugging in of politics (utterly inconsistent with the date and scope of his story,) has nevertheless produced a narrative of much interest, considerable originality, and general entertainment.

Reverting to a once fashionable practice of dividing novels into books, and prefacing them with light Essays, we have here some six or eight of these, devoted chiefly to a sort of satire upon the "Great Unknown." As they are more in sport than malice, they provoke no farther animadversion than a wish that the censor could do as much and as well as the censured.† The first Introduc-

Ludwig. 'I don't owe him a halfpenny, the infernal lying son of a ——. Show him in here, and let's have a look at him; it's mighty likely I've paid him already. Come in, Sir. Are you now ready to swear, and take your bible oath, I didn't pay you before? Not a d—d stiver shall you have, till you prove I haven't paid you at least twice already—you d—d gizzard-heel'd, bumbo-shin'd, cushion-angled son—how much do I owe you?'

Cupid. (smiling, he being used to such episodes).—'A rix-dollar, massa.'

Ludwig. 'There, take it and be d—d, and I wish I may go to the lowermost pit of—hem! If this fellow isn't enough to ruin any man. I'll tell you what, your infernal Snow Ball, if you ever come here dunning me again, I'll make you drink a gallon of brimstone, stirred with a lightning rod; I will, your bloody infernal cucumber-shin'd rascal.'

† We quote a few of his remarks from the preface to Book 2, to show that they are not destitute of merit in their way:

"The farther we advance in our history, the more do we perceive the advantages of that extempore writing, the example of which we have borrowed from the great modern master of this exceedingly pleasant and profitable mode of exercising the fancy and invention, as it were, at the expense of history. It is wonderful, with what a charming rapidity the thoughts flow, and the pen moves, when thus disembarassed of all care for the past, all solicitude for the future. Incidents are invented or borrowed at pleasure, and put together with a degree of ease that is perfectly inconceivable by a plodding author, who thinks before he speaks, and stultifies himself with long cogitations as to probability, congruity, and all that sort of thing, which we despise, as appertaining to our ancient and irreconcilable enemy, common sense. It may in truth be affirmed of this new and happy mode of writing, that it very often happens, that it causes less trouble to the author than to the reader, the latter of whom not unfrequently, most especially if he is one of those unreasonable persons who suppose that nature and probability are necessary parts of an historical novel, will be sorely puzzled to find out the motive of an action, or the means by which it was brought about.

"But whatever may be the profit of the reader, certain it is, that of the author is amazingly enhanced by the increased velocity attained by this new mode of writing. Certain plodding writers, such as Fielding, Smollett, and others, whom it is unnecessary to name, wrote not above three or four works of this sort in the whole course of their lives; and what was the consequence? They lived from hand to mouth, as it were, for want of a knowledge of the art of writing extempore; and were obliged to put up with an immortality of fame, which they could never enjoy. Instead of making a fortune in a few years by the power of multiplying their progeny, they foolishly preferred to pass whole years in the unprofitable business of copying nature, and running a wild-goose chase after probability. Now, we hold that an author is like a black female slave,

tion affords a fair example of the playful manner in which these bye-chapters are written:

"In order (says the author) that our readers and ourselves may at once come to a proper understanding, we will confess, without any circumlocution, that we sat down to write this history before we had thought of any regular plan, or arranged the incidents, being fully convinced that an author who trusts to his own genius, like a modern saint who relies solely on his faith, will never be left in the lurch. Another principle of ours, which we have seen fully exemplified in the very great success of certain popular works, advertised for publication before they were begun to be written, is, that it is much better for an author to commence his work, without knowing how it is to end, than to hamper himself with a regular plot, a succession of prepared incidents, and a premeditated catastrophe. This we hold to be an error little less, than to tie the legs of a dancing master to make him carper the more gracefully, or pinion a man's arms behind his back as a preparative to a boxing match. In short, it is taking away, by a sort of literary *felo de se*, all that free will, that perfect liberty of imagination and invention, which causes us writers to curvet so gracefully in the fertile fields of historical fiction. — — —

"Another determination of ours, of which we think it fair to apprise the reader, is, that we shall strenuously endeavour to avoid any intercourse, either directly or indirectly, with that bane of true genius, commonly called common sense. We look upon that species of vulgar bumpkin capacity, as little better than the instinct of animals; as the greatest pest of authorship that ever exercised jurisdiction in the fields of literature. Its very name is sufficient to indicate the absurdity of persons striving to produce any thing uncommon by an abject submission to its dictates. It shall also be our especial care to avoid the ancient, but nearly exploded error, of supposing that either nature or probability is in anywise necessary to the interest of a work of imagination. We intend that all our principal characters shall indulge in as many inconsistencies and eccentricities as will suffice to make them somewhat interesting, being altogether assured that your sober, rational mortals, who act from ordinary impulses, and pursue a course of conduct sanctioned by common sense, are no better than common-place people, entirely unworthy the attention of an author, or his readers. It is for this special reason that we have chosen for our scene of action, a forgotten village, and for our actors, an obscure colony, whose existence is scarcely known, and the incidents of whose history are sufficiently insignificant to allow us ample liberty in giving what cast and colouring we please to their manners, habits and opinions."

This scene is Elsingburgh, one of the earliest settlements of the Swedes in America, on the banks of the Delaware; and the period is about the middle of the 16th century.

Heer Peter Piper, the governor of this colony, is a testy, opinionated, and wrothful personage, with a family consisting of a lovely daughter, the heroine, Christina,—a sister

valuable for the rapidity and ease with which she produces her offspring, which are always worth something in the market. As to the colour, shape, and mental qualities of the bantling, these are of little consequence, provided it is of a good size, and comes of a well-tried breed."

Edith, of the old maid, character and Head,"—
African gr household, Finne, a t
where the p
picion of
also sever
such as C
Othman P
Kantwell,
Dotterel,
be a cons
much more
rica. As th
chiefs, Qu
William P
British at
figure in th
Having
we must le
develop th
admit; sel
author's p
"The
only sister
— a perso
the death
command
port says
bargain.
of a body,
position,
the Heer
else in th
that happ
never had
pledge of
never we
from the
the day o
year of th
care to di
convince
secret as
"To do
she was
after kno
did she e
little-tatt
never rec
at first in
she did n
she mere
ill-nature
Madam I
authority
of talkin
agency o
gain, she
happene
to avoid
return, it
was left
process
from lon
the dan
dance, G
submissi
doors, b
by tyrann
who, we
married,
the old
was, in
although
us to th

Edith, of that class familiar to novels called old maids,—a negress slave of peculiar character and name, "Bombie of the Frizzled Head,"—and a likely fellow, Cupid, her African grandson. Besides the governor's household, we have of course a hero, the Long Finne, a tall native of Finland, who arrives from Europe inauspiciously at Elsingburgh, where the Heer claps him into prison on suspicion of treasonable practices. We have also several authorities in the settlement, such as Counsellor Wolfgang Langfanger, Othman Pfeigel, Ludwig Varlett, Dominic Kantwell, an encroaching pastor, and Lob Dotterel, a constable, prominent enough to be a constable in France, where the title is much more eminent than in England or America. As the story advances, Indians and their chiefs, Quakers from the adjoining colony of William Penn, Governor Lovelace and the British at New York, are introduced, and figure in the drama.

Having given a list of the principal actors, we must leave the great majority of them to develop their characters as far as our extracts admit; selecting only two as specimens of the author's powers of drawing in that line:

"The first was the lady Edith Piper, only sister to his Excellency the Governor—a person of ominous notability, who, on the death of the Heer's wife, had taken command of the establishment, and, if report says true, of Governor Piper into the bargain. She was, in the main, a good sort of a body, and of a most public-spirited disposition, since she neglected the affairs of the Heer to attend to those of every body else in the village. She knew every thing that happened, and a vast many things that never happened. And we will venture to pledge our veracity as historians, that there never were but two secrets in the village, from the time of Madam Edith's arrival, to the day of her final extinction. One was the year of the lady's birth—the other we do not care to disclose at present, being anxious to convince the world that we too can keep a secret as well as other folk.

"To do the good lady no more than justice, she was not ill-natured, although her thirst after knowledge was somewhat extreme; nor did she ever make any bad use of the village tittle-tattle which came to her ears. She never repeated any tale of scandal, without at first impressively assuring her hearers that she did not believe one word of it, not she; she merely told the story to show what an ill-natured world it was that they lived in. Madam Edith was supposed to maintain her authority over the Heer Piper more by dint of talking incessantly, than through the agency of fear. When she had a point to gain, she never abandoned it; and if, as often happened, the governor walked out in a pet to avoid her importunities, she would, on his return, resume the argument just where it was left off, with astonishing precision. In process of time she worried him out, and, from long experience of the perseverance of the dame, as well as the inefficacy of resistance, Governor Piper came at last to a quiet submission to be tyrannized over within doors, being resolved to make himself amends by tyrannizing without. The Vrouw Edith, who, we neglected to premise, was never married, not being able to find any body in the old or new world good enough for her, was, in sober truth, a considerable talker, although the same regard to veracity impels us to the confession that she was not always

understood by her hearers. Taking it for granted that every body was as anxious about every body's business as herself, she gave them credit for as much knowledge, and was perpetually indulging in hints, innuendoes, and scraps of biography, which puzzled her friends worse than the riddle of the Sphinx. Thus she generally alluded to her acquaintances in old Finland by their Christian names, and detailed the various particulars incident to nurseries, kitchens, &c., as if the whole universe felt an interest in the subjects of her biography. In one word, she was a thin, short little body, dressed in high-heel'd shoes, a chintz gown, with flowers as large as cabbages, and leaves like those of the palm, together with a long-tabbed lawn cap, which, on great occasions, was displaced for a black velvet skull-cap, fitting close to the head, and tied under the chin. Of her voice, it may be affirmed that it was as sharp as the Heer's favourite cider.

"The only being in the governor's establishment that could hold a candle to aunt Edith, as she was usually denominated, or who ventured to exchange a shot in the war of words with her, was a certain mysterious, wayward, out-of-the-way creature, who was generally reputed to be an equal compound of fortune-teller and witch. She was by birth an African, and her general acceptance was that of Bombie of the Frizzled Head. Bombie was a thick, squat thing, remarkable for that peculiar redundancy of figure, so frequently observed in the ladies of her colour and country. Her head and face were singularly disproportioned to her size, the first being very small, and the latter proportionably large, since it might with truth be averred, that her head was nearly all face. The fact was, that nature had given her such a redundancy of broad flat nose, that in order to allow of any eyes at all, she was obliged to place them on either side of the head, where they projected almost as far and as red as those of a boiled lobster. This gave her an air of singular wildness, inasmuch as it produced the peculiar look called staring, which is held to be the favourite expression of that popular class of lately created beings who stand in a sort of a midway between witches, goblins, fairies, and devils; but are an odd compound of them all, being made by the mere force of the author's genius to supply the want of every natural or physical advantage.

"Bombie of the Frizzled Head was so sur-named on account of her hair, which was distinguished by that peculiar and obstinate curl, which, together with the accompanying black complexion, are held to be the characteristics of the posterity of Cain. Age had, at this period, bent her body almost double, seamed her face with innumerable wrinkles, and turned her hair white, which contrasted singularly with her ebony skin. But still she exhibited one of the peculiarities of this unhappy race, in a set of teeth white as the driven snow, and perfect as the most perfect ever seen through the ruby lips of the lass the reader most loves. And if the truth must be told, her tongue seemed to be as little injured by the assaults of time as her teeth. She was, in fact, a desperate railler, gifted with a natural eloquence that was wont to overpower the voice and authority of aunt Edith, and drive the Heer Piper from his sternest domestic resolves.

"The tyranny of Bombie's tongue was, however, strengthened in its authority by

certain vulgar opinions, the more powerful, perhaps, from their indefinite nature and vague obscurity. It was said that she was the daughter and the wife of an African king, taken in battle, and sold to a trader who carried her to St. Barts, where she was bought by the Heer Peter Piper, who whilome figured as Fiscal of that fruitful island, from whence she accompanied him first to Finland, and afterwards to the new world. Ramour, that progeny of darkness, distance, and obscurity, also whispered that she of the Frizzled Head could see into the depths of futurity; was acquainted with the secrets of sticking crooked pins, and throwing invisible brick-bats; and dealt in all the dread mysteries of Obi. These suspicions were strengthened by the peculiar appearance and habits of the Frizzled Head, as well as by the authority of certain instances of witchcraft that happened about this time in the East, as recorded by the learned and venerable Cotton Mather, in his book of wonders, the Magnalia.

"Like the owl and the whippoorwill, she scarcely ever was seen abroad except at night, and, like them, she was supposed to go forth in the darkness, only to bode or to practise ill. With her short pipe in her mouth, her horn-headed stick in her hand, she would be seen walking at night along the bank of the river, without any apparent purpose, generally silent, but occasionally muttering and mumbling in some unknown gibberish that no one understood. This habit of prowling abroad at night, and at all times of the night, enabled her to attain a knowledge of various secrets of darkness that often seemed the result of some supernatural insight into the ways of men. Indeed, it has been, or it may be shrewdly observed, that he who would see the world as it really is, must watch like the mastiff that bays the moon, and sleeps but in the sunshine. When at home, in the Heer's kitchen, she never slept except in the day time; but often passed the night wandering about such parts of the house as were free to her, apparently haunted by some sleepless spirit, and often stopping before the great Dutch clock in the hall. Here she might be seen, standing half double, leaning on her stick, and exhibiting an apt representation of age counting the few and fleeting moments of existence. Her wardrobe consisted of innumerable ragged garments, patched with an utter contempt for congruity of colouring, and exhibiting the remnants of the fashions of the last century. On particular occasions, however, Bombie exhibited her grand costume, which consisted of a man's hat and coat, and a woman's petticoat, which combination produced a wild, picturesque effect, altogether indescribable. In justice to the Heer, we must premise, that it was not his fault that Bombie was not better clad, for he often gave her clothing, with which no one ever knew what was done, as she was seldom seen in any thing but a multiplicity of rags.

"Though, to appearance, exceedingly aged and infirm, the *Snow Ball*, as Governor Piper used to call her, was gifted with an activity and power of endurance, that had something almost supernatural in it, and which enabled her to brave all seasons, and all weathers, as if she had been the very statue of black marble she sometimes seemed, when standing stock still, leaning on her stick and contemplating the silent moon. She had a grandson, of whom we shall say more by-and-by."

We have already mentioned that the *entré* of the Long Finne was inauspicious. He

was brought before the Heer by the busy Lob Dotterel, charged for having Mark Newby's halfpence (a forbidden coin) in his possession; and after a curious examination he is committed to prison. Here he is treated with the usual gentleness of a gaoler, and almost starved to death; but his sufferings are compensated by inspiring pity, and thence love, in the bosom of the Governor's fair daughter, who succours his wants and alleviates his sorrows. "The heart, the pure, warm, social heart of a girl of seventeen, may be said to be like the turtle dove, which pines in the absence of its mate, and fills the wilderness of the world with its solitary moanings. It waits but to see its destined counterpart, to tremble and palpitate; and if its first emotions are not rudely justled aside, or overpowered by the distraction of conflicting objects, and the variety of opposing temptations, they will become the governing principle of existence during a whole life of love." Such was the destiny of Christina; and while she lay under the dominion of one malady, her worthy father succumbed to another, thus facetiously described:

"While Dan Cupid was shooting his arrows with such effect from the windows of the prison, to those of the palace, and so back again, the Heer Piper and Madam Edith were taken up with other weighty affairs, that prevented any interference with the young people on their part. His Excellency was confined to his room with a fit of the gout; a disorder which, according to the theory of a waggish friend of ours, naturally resolves itself into three distinct stages in its progress. The first is the swearing stage, wherein the patient now and then indulges himself with damning the gout lustily. The second, called the praying stage, is when he softens down his exclamations into 'O, my G-d!' or 'Bless my soul!' and the like. The third, and worst of all, is the whistling stage, during which the patient is seen to draw up his leg with a long wh-e-e-w! accompanied by divers contortions of visage. This gout, the Heer was wont to say, was the only inheritance he received from his father, who left one of his sons the estate without the gout, and the other the gout without the estate; which, in the opinion of Governor Piper, was a most unjust distribution.

"During these attacks, the Heer's natural irascibility of temper was, as might be expected, greatly increased, inasmuch, that if any one came suddenly into the room, or opened the door with a noise, or walked heavily, so as to shake the floor, he would flourish his crutch most manfully, and exclaim, 'Der teufel hole dich, der galgen schivenkel;' or, if it happened to be Bombie of the Frizzled Head, 'Das tonnerwetter schlage dich kreutzweis in den boden,' one of his most bitter denunciations. Indeed, the only person allowed to approach him was the fair and gentle Christina, whose soothing whispers, and soft, delicate touch, seemed to charm away his pains, and lull his impatient spirit into temporary rest. At such times, he would lay his hand gently on her head, cry 'God bless thee, my daughter,' and close his eyes in quiet resignation. Such is the balm of filial affection! such the divine ministration of tender, duteous woman!

"On these occasions, the gentle Christina would glide out of the room like the sylph of divine poetry, and seat herself at her window, there to indulge her newly awakened feel-

ings; and sigh over the captivity of the handsome stranger.

"In the mean while Madam Edith was busily employed in the investigation of some stories circulating in the village, and especially in getting at the bottom of a report concerning a certain love affair, current at that time. Any thing of this sort gave her the fidgets in a most alarming degree; for she resembled Queen Elizabeth in this respect, that the marriage of any one within the sphere of her influence, gave her a similar sensation with that cherished by the dog in the manger, who would not eat himself, nor suffer any body else to eat. However this may be, aunt Edith was so completely monopolized by out-door business, that she paid little attention to what was going on within, and suffered her niece to do as she pleased, without interruption."

A burning accident brought her flame to a crisis. The prison was destroyed by fire; and the Long Finne liberated from a most perilous situation. The Heer on a second trial, reverses his judgment, and gives the hero an hospitable asylum in his own house, where every thing, except the mysterious bodings of Bombie, serves to augment the mutual affection between him and Christina.

One "evening (we are told, in pursuing this theme) the Long Finne and the gentle Christina walked on the white sand beach that skirted the wide expansive river, over whose placid bosom the south wind gently sailed, and the moonbeams sprinkled a million of little bright reflections, that danced on the waves as they broke in gentle murmurs on the pebbly shore. Night, and silence, those tongue-tied witnesses of the lover's innocent endearments, the seducer's accursed arts, the murderer's noiseless step, the drunkard's reel, and the houseless wretch's wanderings—night, and silence, created that solitude in which happy youthful lovers see nothing but themselves, and forget that they exist not alone in this world. The almost noiseless monotony of the waves, appearing, breaking, vanishing one after another, like the evanescent generations of man; the splash of the sturgeon, at long intervals, jumping up and falling back again into the waters; these, other soothing sounds, enticed them to wander far down the shore, out of sight and out of hearing of the village.

"All at once they were startled at the voice of the solitary, ill-boding Whipperwill, which whistled its shrill cry as if it were close to their ears, although entirely invisible. 'Whip-poor-will—Whip-poor-will,' cried the bird of superstitions fears; and that moment a voice was heard from the bank above them, exclaiming—not, 'O, yes! O, yes!' or 'Hear ye! Hear ye!' but singing the following wild, mysterious strain:—

They sat all in a lonely grove;
Beneath the flowers were springing,
And many a bonny bird above
His blithesome notes was singing.
With harmless innocence of look,
And eyes so sweetly smiling,
Her willing hand he gently took,
The first step to beguiling.
A kiss he begg'd—she gave a kiss,
While her cheek grew red and flushing;
For o'er her heart the tide of bliss
With thrilling throb was rushing.
He's gone away, to come no more;
And she who late so smiling,
The blush of health and youth aye wore,
Now mourns her sad beguiling.

Her hope is cross'd, her health is lost,
For ever, and for ever;
While he, on distant billows toss'd,
Returns to her—no, never!

She wanders lonely to and fro,
Forsaken and forsaking;
And those who see her face of woe,
See that her heart is breaking.

"The voice and the figure were those of the Frizzled Head, who possessed the musical talent, so remarkably a characteristic of her African race; and who, as she was seen by the moonlight, standing half bent, leaning on her stick, at the top of the bank, looked like an old witch, if not something worse. As she finished this long ditty, she cried out, in a sepulchral tone, 'Miss Christina, you're wanted at home; the supper is ready, and the pepper-pot is getting cold. The wolf is abroad, let the lamb beware. I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know.'

"So saying, she mounted her stick, which we are rather afraid was not a broomstick, and capered off like an ostrich, half running, half flying. The young couple returned to the palace, and Christina remarked that the Long Finne uttered not a word during the rest of the walk."

The time slides onward, and the author mingling oft the beauties of description and poetry with the quizzings of irony, says—

"The summer passed away, and autumn began to hang out his many-coloured flag upon the tress, that, smitten by the nightly frosts, every morning exhibited less of the green, and more of the gaudy hues that mark the waning year in our western clime. The farmers of Elsingburgh were out in their fields, bright and early, gathering in the fruits of their spring and summer's labours, or busily employed in making their cider; while the urchins passed their holidays in gathering nuts, to crack by the winter's fire. The little qualls began to whistle their autumnal notes; the grasshopper, having had his season of idle sport and chirping jollity, began now to pay the penalty of his thoughtless improvidence, and might be seen sunning himself, at mid-day, in melancholy silence, as if anticipating the period when his short and merry race would be run. Flocks of robins were passing to the south, to seek a more genial air; the sober cattle began to assume their rough wintry coat, and to put on that desperate appearance of ennui, with which all nature salutes the approach of winter. The little blue-bird alone, the last to leave us, and the first to return in the spring, sometimes poured out his pensive note, as if bidding farewell to the nest where it had reared its young, as is set forth in the following verses, indited by Master Lazarus Birchem, ere while flogger to the small fry of Elsingburgh:

Whene'er I miss the Blue-bird's chant,
By yon woodside, his favourite haunt,
I hie me melancholy home,
For I know the winter soon will come.
For he, when all the tuneful race
Have sought their wintry hiding place,
Lingers, and sings his notes awhile,
Though past is nature's cheering smile.
And when I hear the Blue-bird sing
His notes again, I hail the spring;
For by that harbinger I know
The flowers and zephyrs soon will blow.
Sweet bird! that lovest the haunts of men,
Right welcome to our woods again,
For thou dost ever with thee bring
The first glad news of coming spring.

"All this while the fair Christina and the tall youth were left to take their own way; to wander, to read, to sing, and to look unnumbered things, unobserved and unmolested, save by the mysterious and incomprehensible warnings of the black sylbil of the Frizzled Head, who, whenever she met them, was continually dinning in their ears the eternal sing-song of 'I have seen what I have seen—I know what I know.'"

The colony of Elsingburgh is now attacked by the Indians, exasperated by some offensive pretensions urged at a conference by Dominic Kantwell. Cupid is in league with the foe, who burn the town, and carry off Christina, Long Finne, Varlett, Lob Dotterel, and several other prisoners. Their adventures among the savages are well related, but do not present any striking novelties with regard to Indian customs. After various massacres, murders, combats and wars, Long Finne, Christina, and Lob attempt to escape, but are caught, and the two males doomed to expiate their crime (as their fellow captives had done before) with all the horrors of an Indian sacrifice.

By the intervention of Shadrach Money-penny, the condemned white men are rescued from death, and the party restored to Elsingburgh, the affairs of which village are dwelt upon perhaps too much at large, though, as we have stated, with considerable point and fun. In the end that colony is subdued by the British, and Long Finne carried to New York, condemned to be whipped through the city and sold into slavery, for endeavouring to raise the Indians against the invaders. Before this, however, the likely fellow Cupid is hanged for betraying the place, and Bombie dies at the foot of his gallows. The Heer and his daughter travel to New York, where they arrive just in time to save Koningsmarke from ignominious punishment; the denunciations of Bombie are discovered to be founded on error, and the lovers are happily united.

As we have devoted so much space to this Novel, we shall not augment our offence by adding many observations. As there is, perhaps, no other copy of the work in England, we have thought these rather long details might (as they certainly could not be met with elsewhere) amuse the readers of the *Literary Gazette*; and though there are many things to disapprove in the author, we have bound him so entertaining in the main, that we should hail with pleasure the appearance of any other production from his pen.

The Proud Shepherd's Tragedy. A Scenic Poem, in eighteen Scenes. Edited by Joseph Downes, &c. 8vo. pp. 307. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. London, Hurst & Co. 1823. This book has been lying by us some time, fit, to confess the truth, it puzzled us so sorely that we did not know what to say about it. It has all the outward and visible signs of a genuine production;—well printed by Ballantyne, given to the world by publishers whose sanity has never been more questioned than their responsibility, and with, if not an author's, at least an apparently real editor's name affixed upon the title-page. It has also been reviewed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and highly commended as a poem of great merit and imagination. We could hardly believe that all this was *hacking*; and we returned to the *Proud Shepherd's Tragedy* to ascertain its real character. The re-view has impressed us strongly with the notion that the whole is a long and extra-

vagant attempt at ridicule, the aim (perhaps at modern poets generally) not being obvious to us; and that the insanity affected by the author, editor, publishers and critics, is one of those misplaced jests which lose their relish in their overwhelming folly.

We are as sensible as any living reader can be that there are poets who deserve the lash of satire for infesting us continually with raving vice, insane stolidity, and senseless trash, in the shapes of 12mos. 8vos. and 4tos. But we cannot perceive that Joseph Downes and his coadjutors have at all succeeded in exposing these pests, sots, and simpletons. On the contrary, they rather expose themselves, and deserve accordingly that flagellation which we are not disposed to withhold.

The tragedy in eighteen scenes is introduced by an advertisement, a dedication, prefatory remarks, and an epistle from Perdita to Perdita. In the first of these the assumption of insanity is disagreeably put on, and the same revolting image is maintained throughout. Thus we are told by the pseudo Mr. J. Downes,—

"These effusions of a recluse may possess a sort of curious interest, even distinct from what merit they may intrinsically bear. Secondly, he may be permitted to avow the weak wishes of a friend, toward an unhappy friend, in a sort of suspended existence from mental malady. He would fain test his pretensions to the character of a Poet of the Passions, during that suspension, in the fond hope of surprising his convalescence—should it ever occur—with the cheering voice of public acknowledgment, of that once cherished ambition he had almost ceased to confess to himself."

In other words, should a lucid interval occur, Mr. Downes means to gratify his friend with the record of his ravings; but why outrage the public as well as friendship, by such cruelty? The lamentable malady is farther sported with in the prefatory remarks, where it is said of the writer, by his friend the editor, "That he suffered, from childhood, all that the excess of poetic temperament to disease can inflict, I knew; but I knew not that, in the very outset of life, a cruel, tedious, dilacerating, and tremendous suffering of mind, was the lot of one so ill framed to suffer. While commencing the common walk of life,—following innocently the high impulses of nature in an enthusiastic heart, a hideous enemy arose (and from nothing) suddenly in his own mind—ever to be endured—never to be shewn! An evil, perhaps, never borne by man in all its bitternesses—in them all, (in the fulness of inflection, and the fulness of feeling also,) settled down in the very moment of high good fortune, upon a man in fiery impatience, in ardour of enjoying—in horror of solitude, perhaps least able of all created men to bear. Hence, I cannot but conceive, that many years of solitary thought, with no depository for burthening feelings but the papers before him, must have left something of energy and interest for feeling minds in those dusty memorials."

And this poem is to be received as "a hallucination of a sane mind, distinctly conscious of its own malady, yet only superior to it when—too late."

Now really, whichever way we consider these statements, their result, this volume, appears to us in the most offensive light. If the composition is indeed the work of a poor wretch suffering the greatest of human calamities, as here described, the publication be-

speaks hardly more soundness of mind in those who made such use of the manuscript: and if the thing is merely pretences, we must say, the subject is so unfit for joke, that joking upon it is very disgusting. Yet the same spirit is kept up in the verse: for instance, in the Epistle to Perdita—

—! if ever there do reach,
Hence rumours to thy dismal world,

—! not pardon I beseech,
But, for all done since thy departure,
Look at this bosom! thine, white Martyr!
Thine still, through all I've madly done,
Seal'd up from bliss, like canker-curl'd
Leaf of a past spring, from the sun.
If, by true love's soul-wearying smart
Made false, I wrong'd that solemn chapel,
Of Death and God, a broken heart,—
Pity my weakness! See beneath
My own all dark, me mourn thy fate
Still—see my self-mock'd spirit grapple
With Fate, yea enter lists with Death,
In a wild dream to re-create!

If thou, indeed, hast heard that he
Whose soul stay'd (how unwillingly!)
Behind—so long look'd wishful back
From this blue country to thy black.

Thus finding that either the author and editor are one person, or if two, mad alike. There is a mystery and absurdity mingled in the prefatory papers, of which we can hardly convey an idea. The Dedication is to "little patrons in embryo," but what is meant we know not, for the author thus explains himself:—

"In whatever shape my mind may stand embodied, (if ever) I fancy that it will find in yours, at least, a little immortality sweet to me. I sometimes affect myself, by foreseeing your minds' first exercise turned on some record of mine, forgotten by all others. If that taste, which I hope that you will possess, should lead you to analyze it, and you should say,—'This worthless, wicked, vagabond, lost parent of ours, was not a coarse and brutal sensualist—had yet a heart, and some refinement, and some feeling,'—should this weak effusion be as you read it—like my voice out of the earth, asking remembrance from my children, I am consoled for any ridicule its weakness may and will attract. Fain would I fancy your young hands thrumming a volume despised of all, and afterwards a few tears falling on the pages your little thumbs had greased—your supper-milk stained—and your feasts been spread out on, before."

Oh! oh! and this is the prose to the poetry (the wild, disconnected, irregular prose, ranged in lines and so called,) which, if we are to believe Mr. Downes, exhibits "POWER, PASSION, and NATURE." These are the qualities claimed, the qualities allowed by the wags in *Blackwood*. We shall endeavour to illustrate them.

Power consists in conception and in language. We have a description of a valley, "where hangs the Proud Shepherd," and the approach of his lady-love is thus powerfully painted:—

Soft as a sun-streak up th' horizon
Stealing, the first of day—unthought,
Unhoped, behold her coming, white
Down that sod-bank of yellow light,
The last of golden glory dies on.
Now, bashful-eyed she lingers back;
Now seeks she some escaping track,
(Which the steep-rising rocks deny)
Or seems to seek—now earnestly

Seems gazing on the water-lily,
Her white neck beautifully avry,
Vermilion to her very breast,
Thus, forced to meet, each loitering, *stilly*
On (who shall meet no more for life)
Stole;

This "*stilly on stole*," without the parenthesis, is certainly very powerful; but it does not surpass the Proud Shepherd's reception of her:

- - - like a flashing glass
Turn'd to the sun, (surprise o'erpowering
Awe,) turn'd to hers his brighten'd face
So suddenly, he caught a trace
There of a farewell sorrow lowering
Manifest; a soft speaking, pale,
Pathetic, mildly, seem'd to say,
"Solemn and sad will be this vale,
A vale of tears when thou'rt away!"

But we must in justice cite a still stronger example of this poetic excellence; and take a page at random:—

Rufus. Help! I dream horribly—whose hand
Is this? but my brain reels, I'm faint—
Hear horribly!—does the world rock?
Methinks, a lightning without end,
Is in my eyes, and in my ears
Long thunder: in this cage—knock, knock—
Knock—like Death knocking!—Hark ye, friend!
Was I not right? tell my *compers*,
Goatherd and shepherd, and fat-minded
Clown—I had instinct in my loathing!
Tell 'em, I'm—I'm—God help me! a blinded
Beast led to slaughter—Is this clothing
For— but she cannot love me more
In robes, than in my frieze, all o'er
Bark-moss and sheep's wool—but I'm grown
Old—old in roaming the sea-shore,
And gnawing shell-fish—very old!
Past every thing—this Time has roll'd
Away all, all!—Heaven couldn't strike
With any blasting like my own
Lifelong wish now! 'tis judgment-like!
Heaven's blessings grinning round the damn'd!

The exemplifications of *Passion* are as numerous and exquisite as those of *Power*. We take it for granted that a young lady must be in a *Passion* when she curses horrible, and therefore we take our first two specimens from passages of that kind. *Blanch* expresses a hope that the injuries done to *Ruth's* family may be avenged with fire and slaughter; to which the passionate creature replies—

My dear girl!—Look down, look down;
Fulfil her words, black Heaven! A bloody
Angel alight upon his own
Home, Retribution's angel, red
With killing—when his whole host's dead,
At my dear father, and my whole
Race, batter it o'er his cursed head
Last, that he dying, like a muddy
Meteor, see all his glory die
Out first, for which he gave his soul
To hell—then in its ashes lie
Unburied!

Ruth is not more merciful with regard to weddings than to funerals. She thus bans in forbidding the bans:—

If they do wed—they are to wed!
Angry God! o'er the accursed rite
Hang funerals in the clouds—hang night
And horror!—Every omen dread
O'er 'em, round 'em, shock every where
Their eyes and souls—a mask'd despair,
Their Hymen, furies to their bed
Light 'em, their bed of fire! A plague
Hide in the home, that by all vows
Is mine, and make a charnel-house!

Powers of darkness!—of the vague
Cursings of a lost woman mould
One curse, to throw on them like thunder!

The following is also, we suppose, to be ranked amid the fine examples of *Passion*; but as its bad grammar and abruptness render it not very intelligible, we will not insist on the classification:

As that delicious sunshine, never
Hoped for, by miracle come shining
Round that poor captive, no more pining,
(Got free—free—free! to bask for ever!)
Such, when that Beauty stoops—thrice such
The glorying heart's astonishment,
Pride rapture-mad, to see, hear, touch
The angelic thing, white blessing, bent
Down Heaven at last—as that long pent
Captive's to leap, to rush, to run
And feel the kisses of the sun!

Oh! Life's one unrepeatable bliss,
Once reach'd Elysium—the first kiss!
One thrill of angel-blessedness
On earth! That hour worth life—that hour
(Life's epoch) when hearts first confess,
From life should stand out like one flower
From a great slate-rock!—

The latter part pertains more to *Nature*, and may be adduced in proof of both qualities; but we are not done with *Passion* yet. A husband charging his wife with infidelity, asks her, "Woman, have I loved thee well?" and the following colloquy ensues:—

Oh, yes, yes, yes! thus on thy neck
I'll answer, though thou kill'st me—yes!
And I thee dearly, dearly! Hell
Yawn if I ever loved thee less
Than dearly, dearly! Lightnings wreck
My last wish in this wretched world,
To clear me in thine eyes, seal up
My doom, as a heaven-struck, down-hurl'd
Adulteress, if I have deserved
This of thee, husband! hear! a plot—
But hear me! fill my horrid cup,
Heav'n! make my everlasting lot
Infamous death, if I have swerv'd
In act, in thought—

Damnation! what?
Is this the world? or is this not
My right hand? and this scrawl not thine,
And thou not in this damning spot,
Or she not thou? oh! at home—mine?
By Heaven I'm serious, for I know
Not, scarce, if I'm on earth or no!
Oh perjured, lost! but since Divine
Wrath melts her—god Remorse! a pang
Strike, keener than this death I grasp—
You clasp a dying man! you clasp
A suicide! I'm going! hang
On me, for the last time—the last!
All's over! poison! it is past—
You ne'er shall wrong me more! I have
Not long to live.

Say'st thou? again
Say it—I hear dully—open Grave!
Is it even so, my dear soul? then,
Oh then—I have a knife too! I
Can die too! I—

Is not this passion, and confounded strong
passion too; but it is affirmed that the lady is absolutely innocent, and

Rufus, starting from the Monument.

Innocent? Thunder drown that voice,
It lies! If ye can think the pain
Of hell—have mercy and unsay't!
Instantly! no—say it again!
Swear it, I charge ye, and rejoice
Her soul in heaven! I'm ready—on!
Right her sweet soul, and thunder Fate!
Right her, and blast me, roaring ire

Of God! right her, and I'll begone
This moment to my world of fire!

Innocent? only innocent,
My poor girl? that I could have borne,
Mix'd with the common damn'd, content!
But oh! to perish panting in
The toils, for me—beset, heart-torn,
For me—do penance for my sin,
To save me—and for me to tear!
Me hunt her hunted, to despair
And death! Where is that other devil?
I'll worry him from Pole to Pole!
I'll hunt him like the dog of hell
Broke loose—I'll gnaw his heart—I'll revel
In his hot blood—I'll chase his soul
Down hell—

If ever was made out a case of passion in poetry, not to say fury and frenzy, more completely than we have made out this, we abandon all pretensions to critical talent; but we have yet the third claim to establish, and lo, as shortly as may be, for the beauties of *Nature*.

- - - but why that gay-raised head?
I said not how it hung! With dead
Look, bowing form, and colour fled,
Thou'rt like a daisy by a roller
Crush'd, on a grass-plot, that uprises
So brisk! and looks as it despises
The weight that crush'd it! Poor white thing.

Dear Ruth, thy lips

Grow white.

- - - she stopp'd
Deep blushing—that confusion gracing
More, while to the sweet West, thus burning,
Her softly rounded cheek back-turning,
Shew'd like a ripen'd cherry facing
The East in a May morning—forth
She drew a purse of gold—"I know."
Then said—"The Count, thy enemy,
Has made my father more thy foe
Than friend—so I—youth, this to thee
Is owing, for the life I owe;
These bracelets—(they're of little worth)—
I give thee—since my sire made no
Return—by these remember me.

- - - her burning
Blush gleam'd, through that transparent shroud,
Like a young angel's from a cloud.

Through her soft silken curls
How her blue eye gleams! how she tries
To bring them forward - - -

The kiss return'd he dared to steal,
When her blue eye re-opening dwelt
On his—so soft! And who could feel
That shape's white sweetness, as it slid
Down in his fold, warm mouth to his
Upturn'd, back falling, and not kiss?

Upon these very natural passages, one of the dramatis personæ, a *Sexton*, very naturally observes:

Sure these were lovers—bring
Salts for the lady! from the spring
Water!—quick—what a wedding's here!
Here's fire-side talk for a whole year—
Chafe her palms, Madge! let him lie still
Down with his parents as he will—
Stop the bell, Ralph! was ever heard
The like? the marriage is deferred.

Our duty is done: "Power, Passion, and Nature," quotha. O ye wicked wits of the northern Athens, how could ye produce a vile a piece of nonsense as this, and try o palm it on us Southrons for the finest sty of poetry!

There are some miscellaneous pieces equally worthy of praise: we take a few lines from one pre-eminent for simplicity. It is the conception of an "Embryo patron," and the bard singeth—

"Midst fancy's softer treasures,
I had set a baby-girl;
In Hope's bright ring of pleasures,
Had set her like a pearl!

Primroses her small, waxen;
White forehead were to crowd,
By me put in her flaxen
Curls,—while she took'd up, so proud!
In one small hand a violet,
The other holding me,"

Smelling first one, then t'other,
Fiddledy dum di dee.

A Visit to Milan, Florence, and Rome, the subterraneous Cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, &c. in 1821. By W. T. P. Shortt, A.B. of Worc. Coll. Oxford. 8vo. pp. 88. London 1823. Simpkin & Co.

A BAD specimen this of Oxford education—A.B. of Worc. Coll. does not appear to have gone far beyond the initiative letters of the alphabet, for he not only quotes other tongues, but writes the English language barbarously. Were his publication a school exercise, both the version and the writer would be benefited by much correction; and we see no reason why it should be withheld from a printed performance.

On looking over these travels, we conceived the idea, that the best course of review would be to give two or three columns of *Errata*; and it is only to avoid the dryness of that plant that we go a little more at large into the subject.

The work of Mr. Shortt, A.B. Worc. Coll. is nothing—absolutely nothing, but a catalogue of names. Palaces, churches, pictures, statues, are merely inventoried from his Road book, and not well inventoried either. The few sentences of observations which are interspersed are so involved, so ungrammatical and so tautological, that they only prove the author's inability to write at all—a sore warning against travelling without a tutor of the Pangloss kind, or publishing without a printer's devil to correct the errors of the manuscript. But Mr. Shortt sports much and various learning in his own way: he sets out with Tasso in his mouth—

Lasciami omai por nella terra il piede,
E veder questi incoascenti lidi;
Veder le genti, e 'l culto di lor fede,
E tutto quello ond' uom saggio m' invidi,
Quando mi gioverà narrar altrui
Le novità vedute, e dire: Io fui.

and the *unknown shores* thus alluded to, he seeks by the regular stage coach track, and agreeably to the most common mode by which all the tourists of Cockaigne now spend their autumnal holidays. It is important to state, in the author's own words, that

"It was on the 7th of July, that, after passing, like many other navigators, through the quicksands of a University great-god examination, and replete with the mighty deeds of Hannibal and the Romans, contained in the 2d decade of Livy, and the other wonders of classic lore, I bid adieu to those

Naiads who their tresses lave
Where Isis rolls her unpolled waves,
and hastened to the coast, for the purpose of placing myself on the high road to those glo-

rious regions, the habitation of those warriors who once lorded it over the known world."

Prosecuting this mighty design, he first lands at Calais "in a boat," the generality of travellers being accustomed to land from a vessel of that description. At Paris he sees the "*Chambre des Débats* or Parliament House," by which translation of the name we learn that he means the *Chambre des Députés*. Leaving Paris, he crosses the Rhone "at St. Maurice, in the Canton de Vallée," that is to say, du Valais; and "from thence at Brigg, then at Domo D'Ossola in Piedmont," all extraordinary exploits in their way, and only equalled by another fact noticed below, as the Rhone never crosses the Alps to Domo D'Ossola, and Mr. Shortt might as well have forded the Thames or Isis at that place. There are two rivers, if we remember rightly, the Toccia and the Doveria; perhaps he mistook one or both of these for the Rhone. Having got over some stream or other, our traveller (well he merits that appellation for the story he tells) visits the Isola Bella, in the Lago Maggiore, where he sees "the stupendous brazen statue of Cardinal Borromeo, the cavity of the nostrils of which is alone spacious enough to contain several persons." We believe four persons can be accommodated in the head, but for the proboscis affair (Mr. Shortt *rit en nez*.) it is a bouncer, and the statue has no such nose to blow.

At Rome, Mr. Shortt discovers that part of the Coliseum has been "applied to building the Palazzo Borghese;" which happens not to be the case, as the two palaces built from it are the Farnese and Barberini. But the author examines matters in a different way from other men; he says, "After minutely contemplating all the modern wonders of art and the antique remains, I prepared to visit the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and to see the Romans in their own houses and temples." A minute contemplation of St. Peter's ought to have produced more novelty; but there is a little confusion about this part of the narrative which perplexes the reader. Mr. Shortt it seems left Florence for Rome on the 15th September, and then he departed from Naples on the 7th of the same month,—so that, supposing the latter to mean 7th Oct., he had but twenty-two days to journey from Florence to Rome, to minutely contemplate all the modern wonders of art and the antique remains, to travel to Naples, to stay there, and to inspect Herculaneum, Pompeii, &c.!!!

The more haste the worse speed, says the adage, and it holds with respect to Mr. Shortt. The route, he truly states, from Florence to Rome, by Sienna, is one of the most uncultivated and barren in Italy; but when he returns, and tells us he had a dreary prospect all the way, "I thus, as it may be perceived, avoided the road which runs close to the famous Lacus Thrasymenus, which is not only more dreary and lengthened, but also infested with banditti to no small extent," he must either have braved the banditti by night, or been asleep during the day, for the road by the Thrasymene Lake is most beautiful,—travelling by Borghetto, Otricoli, Terni (alone worthy of a journey thither to see its sublime cascade, the Cascata delle Marmore, the finest in Europe,) Spoleto, Arezzo, Cortona, Perugia, and Vallembrosa; and the way is as safe and free from robbers as the turnpike from London to Bath. Indeed, the only danger from banditti between Rome and Florence was by the very course he took, and he ob-

viously chose to encore his dreary journey for its shortness and cheapness.

At Sienna, however, he "took an ample survey of the curiosities, antiquities, and particularly of the churches," and gives a much longer account of them than he usually affords to great towns, which is the more valuable from being interlarded with quotations of Latin inscriptions, and all got out of his Road-book, since the conveyance by which he travelled just allows one half hour for refreshments at Sienna, and getting the carriage ready to proceed. This half hour was diligently spent! But it is time to get nearer home.

"The passage over Mount Cenis was, although precipitous, exceeding good, from the nature of the roads, which had been greatly improved by the care of Napoleon, always highly interested, like the Romans of old, in keeping up a line of communication through his territories. A thick fog hovered over the mountain, the temperature of which was cold, and on which were built, at various distances, receptacles for travellers who might be in consequence bewildered."

Whether it was the cold which bewildered Mr. Shortt, or not, we cannot determine, but bewildered he certainly was somehow or other, and vouches for a most extraordinary thing on Mount Cenis. He states it as follows—

"About the centre of the mountain stands the strong fortified post of Suze, which commands the defile, and is guarded on its flanks by deep ravines."

The total removal of the lovely little town of Suza from its old situation in a valley at the foot of the Alps; and its transport, like the shrine of our Lady of Loretto, many miles (a good post at shortest) up to the summit of Mount Cenis, had not been noticed by any preceding traveller, and are only paralleled by the sudden rise of those airy fortifications which surround it, and the as sudden fall of those deep ravines which flank it; Suza being formerly perfectly open, and lying on a plain as flat as Hounslow Heath. We trust the change that has taken place will be attended to in the next maps which are published about Mount Cenis. Mr. Shortt goes on,

"After some days spent in the mountains and valleys of Piedmont and Savoy, I at length emerged, by a hollow passage cut through the mountain [what mountain?] It is said the workmen of each nation met in the centre on Napoleon's birth-day, and arrived at the famous city of Lyons, where the Rhone and Saone meet, and form a peninsula about half a league from the town."

If this intelligent gentleman means that the workmen employed in cutting the Tunnel met on Napoleon's birth-day, his chronology is as marvellous as his geography; for the passage was made by Charles Emmanuel Duke of Savoy, between the middle and close of the seventeenth century, and therefore a few years before Napoleon had a birth-day.

But we must have done. An Appendix, like the whole book, is utter rubbish; and there is not a single new idea or fact in either; always excepting the gross blunders of the author. For the style and grammar, a schoolboy of ten years of age ought to be whipped; and it is lamentable to observe such specimens of a University education and Degree, though only of A.B. Worc. Coll. Every page is disgraceful, and the ignorance displayed, throughout, such as ought not to have escaped the classical printing press of

Mr. Valpy. Santa Maria is two or three times made a male *St.*; Imbert is Himbert, (at Florence,) and that worthy hostess, like *St.* Maria, is turned into a male, "M. Himbert;" but were we to catalogue a tithe of the mistakes, or mention a quarter of the striking omissions for which this publication is reprehensible, we should tire our readers as much as we have ourselves been tired by this trumpery book.

EPITOME OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.*

The Atmosphere: Properties of Air, &c.

A SHORT Section of this work lays down and illustrates the well-known principle of the Centre of Gravity; and the next takes up the subject of the six Mechanic Powers—the lever, the wheel and axle, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge, and the screw. These are severally and clearly explained; but the want of plates prevents us from following Mr. Millington in his definitions and examples. Some good remarks on Friction conclude this portion of the volume; and the author, at Section V. enters upon Pneumatics, or the Mechanical Properties of Air.

The atmosphere which we breathe, as all students are aware, consists when pure "of two permanently elastic gasses or air, called nitrogen and oxygen, in the proportion of about 79 parts of the former to 21 of the latter by measure, or 77 and 23 parts by weight, and as the one or other kind of gas prevails, the air is more or less wholesome.

"Air, although invisible, is material, and partakes of all the properties which belong in common to other matter, for it occupies space, and it attracts and is attracted, and consequently has weight. It likewise partakes of the nature of fluids, for it adapts itself to the form of the vessel which contains it, and it presses equally in all directions, consequently it must be considered as a material fluid."

All airs or gasses are also highly and permanently elastic, for "under all changes which can be wrought upon them, they maintain their characters of fluidity and elasticity, and will not admit of being congealed or rendered solid; with steams and vapours the case is very different, for they arise from inelastic fluids, by the application of heat, and they are highly elastic so long as they retain their form of vapour, but upon being cooled they return again into their original state of inelastic fluid, and therefore differ very materially from air, and cannot be said to be permanently elastic. Water affords a very good instance, for this is inelastic, but its steam is elastic in the highest degree; whenever this steam becomes cooled it reverts back into its original state of water, and of course resumes all its former characters. Since air has weight; and every thing upon the earth is surrounded and enveloped by it, it follows that all things must be subject to its pressure which will be exerted, not only upon them, but upon itself, and since air is elastic or capable of yielding to pressure, so of course the lower part of the atmosphere will be more dense, or in a greater state of compression than that which is above. Suppose for example that the whole height of the atmosphere is divided into 100 equal parts, and that each of these may weigh an ounce, or may be equivalent to the production of that pressure, then the earth and all things upon its surface will be pressed with the whole 100 ounces, the lowest stratum of air will be

pressed by the 99 ounces above it, the next by 98, and so on until we arrive at the 99th stratum from the bottom, which will of course be subject to no more than one ounce of pressure, or the weight of the last or highest stratum."

Upon these simple data all the phenomena connected with the atmosphere and its component gasses depend. There is also another principle of which we are little sensible, but which is the cause of our being able to walk upon the earth instead of being crushed into it: "Springs of every kind expand or contract until they arrive at a state of equilibrium with the force that is acting upon them."

—Thus "notwithstanding the body of a man of ordinary stature is calculated to sustain no less a pressure of air than 32,400 lbs. yet the spring of the air contained within the body exactly balances or counteracts the pressure from without, and makes him insensible of the existence of any pressure at all; and the spring and pressure of air will thus balance each other in all cases except when the communication is cut off, and the natural equilibrium is destroyed by some disturbing cause."

—That the spring of air causes it to expand according to the amount of external pressure may be very well shown by the following experiment:—Take a bladder either with or without a stopcock attached to it, and press nearly the whole of the air out of it, then either shut the stopcock or tie up the orifice very closely with a strong waxed thread; in this state place it under a receiver upon the plate of an air pump and exhaust the air. The bladder will at first appear empty because the pressure of the outward air is an exact balance to the spring of that which is contained within. By the process of exhaustion the outward air becomes rarefied, and is no longer capable of opposing that spring. The bladder will therefore gradually expand, until at last when the receiver is pretty well exhausted, it will appear to be fully blown, and is sometimes even burst; but if the motion of the pump is stopped before this takes place, and the air is readmitted into the receiver by the cock for that purpose, the bladder will shrink down into its original dimensions, thus proving that no additional quantity of air was admitted into it, but that the spring of that which it previously contained produced the effect.—This experiment is sometimes varied by putting the bladder in a frame, and placing weights upon it, when it will not only expand, but will raise the weights at the same time.

"If a small portion of the shell of an egg be broken away at the small end, and it is then placed under a receiver and exhausted, the bubble of air that is always contained at the large end, will in like manner expand, and in doing so, will force out the contents of the

* In fact, "by means of calculations corroborated by the barometer at different heights, it is ascertained that air at 34 miles from the earth has but half the density of that upon its surface, and that it loses half its last density at about every succeeding 34 miles; therefore taking the density of the air at the earth's surface as 1, at the height of 34 miles it will be twice as rare; at the height of 7 miles it will be 4 times as rare, at 21 miles it will be 64 times rarer, and 4096 times at 42 miles. By the same rule at 49 miles high, it will be 16384 times rarer, and as this far exceeds the rarefaction that can be produced by the best air-pump, it is generally considered that the sensible atmosphere of the earth extends to the distance of about 45 miles from its surface."

egg. A withered apple when treated in the same way will expand and appear fresh, provided its skin is not broken; and a small fountain, or *jet d'eau*, may be produced by filling a small glass globe half full of water, and screwing a tube into its neck, so that its lower end may project considerably below the surface of the water; the air above the water will in this way be confined, and of course when the apparatus is placed under a tall receiver and exhausted, that air will expand, and by pressing upon the surface of the water will force it up the tube, which must terminate in a small orifice to produce a jet."

Several pleasing experiments with the Air-pump, by which the presence of air in all solid as well as fluid bodies is demonstrated, are detailed; and we have an interesting account of Mr. Hooke's experiments in 1664, by which the actual weight of air was made apparent. Since then "the very accurate investigations of Sir George Shuckburgh (Phil. Trans. Vol. LXVII. p. 560) show it to be 836 times lighter than pure water, when the barometer is at 29½, and Fahrenheit's thermometer at 53."

Pressure, the natural consequence of weight, is beautifully illustrated by the Magdeburgh hemispheres, invented by Otto Guericke about A.D. 1654. These when internally exhausted require an immense force to pull them asunder, but if filled with air, they open and drop off. All the effects vulgarly attributed to suction, depend on the weight and pressure of the atmosphere; for there is no such principle as Suction in Nature. The barometer is formed on the principle of measure ascertained with regard to atmospheric pressure.

[Other and ingenious theories connected with this subject would be too long for our present Number, and we reserve Section IV. for another of our weekly Chapters.]

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MISSION TO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA, FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THE NIGER'S COURSE.

We have the greatest satisfaction in announcing that our three enterprising countrymen, Dr. Oudenoy, Major Denham and Lieutenant Clapperton, who left London on the above interesting and hazardous expedition, under the authority of government, in 1821, arrived in Bornou in February last, and were exceedingly well received by the sultan of that kingdom. It may be recollected that the Doctor, an eminent professor from one of the Scotch universities, was to remain at Bornou as British vice-consul; and that the others would thence pursue their inquiries as to the course of this long-sought river; but it is obvious that the plans and instructions laid down at home for the prosecution of objects where our local knowledge is so extremely imperfect, must be liable to many alterations, and that much, very much, must be left to the discretion of the travellers themselves, and be governed by the circumstances in which they are placed.

These gentlemen have, however, given the most convincing proofs of their undiminished ardour in the service, as well as their fitness for the undertaking, in their having performed their journey over deserts fifteen or sixteen days in length, into the very centre of the continent of Africa, almost without complaining of a single hardship, though they have at different times suffered severely from the rigours of the climate.

* By John Millington, 1 vol. 8vo.

We think, therefore, the most sanguine expectations may be formed of their complete success; and may we not hope that two of our greatest geographical desiderata in the northern and southern hemispheres will, ere long, be supplied by means of the intelligence and enterprise of Englishmen.

MALARIA.

HEALTH is so important a blessing to us all, and is so frequently endangered in England by the impure exhalations of marshy ground, that our readers may feel interested in knowing the result of a number of observations and experiments on such exhalations made by an able French philosopher, which has recently been published in Paris, under the title of "Historical, Chemical, and Medical Inquiries into the Nature of Marshy Air," by M. Julia, Professor of Medical Chemistry. It appears that the Academy of Sciences at Lyons having, in 1820, proposed the subject as one of competition, M. Julia's Treatise upon it obtained the prize.

The author has not confined his experiments to marshy exhalations, but has submitted to analysis the emanations from sewers, privies, stables, sheepfolds, and places infected with the yellow fever. He mentions the districts to which his eudiometric researches (researches relative to the salubrity of the air) have been extended, in doing which he reviews all the known marshes of the two worlds, and shows that the marshes of France alone occupy 1,500,000 acres; and that if those sources of destruction, which diffuse weakness, ill health, and death, were drained and converted into arable land, they would feed a million of inhabitants, and contribute seven millions to the revenues of the state.

M. Julia divides his work into several parts: 1st. On the influence of pure and impure air on the animal economy—2dly. On the causes which favour, and on those which oppose the formation of marshy miasma—3dly. On the nature of marshy emanations, and on the manner in which they alter or infect the air—4thly. On the action of marshy air on the animal economy—5thly. On the proper means of destroying marshy effluvia, or of avoiding their pernicious effects.

1. M. Julia takes great pains to prove the dangerous influence of marshes. He introduces tables indicative of the average length of life of men and women in different climates. He reminds his readers that the old Jesuits were formerly very desirous of residing at Montpellier, and not without reason, because they well knew that in that town there were two octogenaries in every 31 inhabitants, while in marshy districts there was not more than one in every 6000. According to our author, the most salubrious places, and those in which the greatest number of persons may be cited as having attained the age of a hundred and thirty, or a hundred and forty years, are elevated spots, far from all marshy exhalations, and in which neither cold nor heat is ever excessive. He attributes the difference which exists between the duration of life in towns, and its duration in the country, as much to the insalubrity of the air caused in towns by the sewers, the filth, and the stagnation of dirty, narrow, and crooked streets, as to the debauched and irregular habits of the population. He shows, by the result of observations made at different elevations, that the air of mountains is as pure as that of plains; and that the effluvia of marshes and

of the yellow fever, do not extend their influence beyond a limited height above the places in which they have been produced, which height he estimates at between 208 and 306 metres (from 100 to 150 fathoms.) He regards pure air as a powerful means of cure in many maladies, which was the opinion of the Father of Medicine, who advised his patients to go and breathe the healthy air of the Island of Crete. Such is also the doctrine of the Chinese, for in China they make a trade of filling balloons with air on the tops of high mountains, and bringing them down for the use of the inhabitants of towns.

2. In the commencement of his second section, M. Julia reverts to all that has hitherto been discovered respecting the nature of atmospheric air, and of the atmosphere generally. He shows its influence on all organised beings; and refers to the observations of Messrs. Humboldt, Ramond, and Decandolle, relative to the geography of plants. Our author thinks that fish cannot live without respiring the air contained in water; and that although some aquatic animals may be capable for a greater or a less length of time of existing in a vacuum, they must perish at last. He cites various examples of human beings who have been able to endure, for more or less time, the privation of air; and unfortunately gives a character of ridicule to this part of his work, by advertising to the silly fable of a young man who, swimming with some friends in the year 1674, suddenly disappeared, and did not rise out of the water until the year 1679; during the whole of which time it seems he lived upon raw fish!!! Nor is M. Julia's assertion, that several persons apparently drowned have been recovered after having been forty-eight hours under water, much more credible. He proceeds however to make some very rational remarks on the various causes of apparent death, on the danger of precipitate inhumation, and on the expediency of some regulations which may prevent the possibility of the living being interred with the dead. M. Julia then enters into a history of the opinions which have prevailed on this part of physics and medicine, from the time of Hippocrates to that of modern chemists. He observes, that the notion of the ancients were not founded on experience. According to our author, putrefaction spreads in the atmosphere gasses and deleterious vapours, and warm and damp air is the original cause of this decomposition of organized bodies. Dry air, whether warm or cold, will not produce the effect, and even will hinder it, especially warm. He explains why the plague, generated at Constantinople during the summer, becomes weaker and ceases in the winter; while in Egypt, it commences in winter, and the month of June never fails to put a stop to it. Cold, he observes, destroys the plague at Constantinople, because it is there pretty severe; summer produces the plague in that town, because it is warm and damp. In Egypt, the winter is mild and damp, the summer hot and dry. In applying this doctrine to marshy waters, M. Julia makes it appear, that if the marshes are always covered with water, and if the summer is not very hot, putrefaction will be scarcely sensible; but that, if stagnant waters evaporate, they leave an uncovered slime, in which myriads of aquatic animals and vegetables perish and putrify. This slime absorbs the oxygen of the air, and gives out in return deleterious gasses, produced by the decomposition of the

water, saturated with fragments of animal and vegetable matter.

3. The third section, which was the most difficult to manage, treats of the nature of marshy emanations. M. Julia first inquires, if the cause of putrid, contagious, and epidemic disorders, is a gas, or, as he calls it, an exhalation? In order to reply to this question, he carefully examines the phenomena of putrefaction. He does not agree with all the chemists with regard to the influence of the air in this decomposition of organized bodies. He considers that influence as certain, and established by facts. He regards the atmosphere as the recipient of the gasses produced by putrefaction, and which carry with them certain particles of putrified substances, the fundamental cause of the pernicious effects of those gasses. He remarks on the insufficiency of any chemical analysis of gasses on this point. The air of marshes, that of hospitals (the smell of which is sometimes so repulsive,) that of the large hall of the hospital at Barcelona when the yellow fever was raging there, all differ from pure air only by a very small quantity of carbonic acid, if we are to trust to the best chemical analyses that it is possible to make. Nevertheless, M. Julia thinks, with Guyton-Morveau, and several other distinguished chemists and physicians, that the gasses resulting from putrefaction retain and carry with them certain particles of putrified substances, and that those particles, introduced into the human body, are the germs of epidemic disorders. He goes further; he maintains that these germs are not identical, because chlorine, which destroys almost all of them, has, according to the testimony of the most experienced Spanish physicians, no effect on that of the yellow fever.

4. In treating of the action of marshy air on the animal economy, M. Julia combats anew the opinion which attributes its operation to the gasses that constitute it, every one of which ought, according to its predominance, to tend to the production of a particular kind of disorder. In fact, he observes, some of these gasses, or of their products, abound in stables and sheepfolds, in which farmers' servants and shepherds sleep, who nevertheless are strong and healthy men. He afterwards examines what may be those principles of a particular and specific nature, which elude any chemical analysis, although their presence is attested by the manner in which they affect our senses. He observes, that almost all animal substances, in a state of putrefaction, have a particular smell; that certain persons are purged by the smell alone of purgative medicines, that the corpulence of butchers and cooks is occasioned by the emanations from undressed or dressed meat, &c.; and that it is therefore clear that the morbid principles of the air of marshes are certain particles of decomposed animal and vegetable substances which pass into the air. He quotes, in support of the deleterious property of certain putrid emanations, a circumstance which happened at Dijon in a church in which an interment was taking place:—From a coffin, which was inadvertently opened, an infectious vapour escaped, by which the grave-digger was instantly suffocated. The author is far from ascribing all epidemics to marshy effluvia. According to him, every one of those disorders seems to have a particular virus, a specific germ. Thus, the itch, hydrophobia, the yellow fever, &c. depend each on principles which are incapable of engendering any other disorders.

5. The fifth section is devoted to an inquiry into the proper means of destroying marshy miasma, and remedying their pernicious effects. The author has divided it into two chapters, the first of which relates to the causes of the evil, the second points out the remedies.

With respect to the first:—Marshes are destroyed either by draining, by submersion, or by filling them up. The first method is most frequently employed when the slope of the land will allow it, although the first two or three years which follow the operation are more deadly than the marsh was itself. If the land is too low to admit of carrying off the water, it may in some instances be kept constantly under water, and thus be converted into a lake or pond. Should neither of these plans be practicable, the surest and the best way will be to fill up these fatal marshes, which however is the most tedious and the most expensive course.

The means of disinfecting the air are, as we have observed, the subject of the second chapter. Fire is one of them. Epidemics have been stopt by burning a large quantity of damp vegetable matter. It has been observed, that the flames of Mount Vesuvius purify the air of the neighbouring places. Fire acts in that way as a ventilator; renewing the air, and replacing suspicious or noxious air by air of a purer quality. Another mode of neutralising infection, is by making putrescent substances enter into a chemical combination. Quick-lime produced that effect on a habitation in Saint Domingo. At Mont-faucon, plaster operates in a similar way, by absorbing mephitic gasses. Experience shows that plantations, culture, and, in general, vegetation, the abundant source of oxygen, materially contribute to purify the air; that forests oppose an impassable barrier to the exhalation of marshes, and preserve countries which, without such an obstacle, would be subject to their dangerous influence. It is also acknowledged, that burying vaults ought to be removed from inhabited places, and especially from churches, notwithstanding an imposing authority, M. de Chateaubriand, still defends the ancient usage, in behalf of those for whom it was established. To that celebrated writer, M. Julia opposes the occurrence at Dijon already alluded to. The odour which spread on that occasion was so fetid that all the assistants ran away. Of 120 young persons of both sexes, who were at that time preparing for the religious ceremonies, 114 fell ill, of whom 18 died. With regard to the means to be employed in close places, in which ventilation is impracticable, M. Julia condemns one sanctioned by long custom, that of concealing, by odoriferous scents, the fetor of bad air. Surely our author does not disapprove of a practice among the savages of Florida; who burn the corpses of their physicians, and scatter the ashes, considering those relics to be a preservative against disorders! Moliere would have said, that at least these physicians became useful after their death. M. Julia thinks but little of the pretended good effects of the detonation of gunpowder, of thieves' vinegar, of sulphuric acid, &c. He confides, with Guyton-Morveau, in concentrated acetic acid, and, above all, in chlorine, the most efficacious of all the anti-contagions. The author finishes this chapter with advice to the inhabitants of marshy countries. He endeavours to persuade them to avoid approaching the marshes at night; not to expose themselves to the sudden

effect of cold and damp; to observe a regular regimen; to eat only healthy food, easy of digestion; to drink wine moderately, and spirits scarcely at all; to "away with melancholy;" to shun any excess of pleasure, tending to weaken the body; to observe the greatest cleanliness; frequently to wash their hands and faces with cold water; and never to go out fasting before sunrise. He recommends the magistrates of towns in such countries to order the streets to be frequently swept, the kennels washed, the sewers inundated, and the filth of all kinds removed.*

In conclusion, M. Julia conceives that the following positions relative to the gasses, or pernicious exhalations from marshes, have been established by his own experiments and those of his predecessors:—1st. The nature of those gasses is wholly unknown to us; but there is every reason to believe that their deleterious effect is owing to a portion of putrid animal, or vegetable matter, dissolved and retained by the gas. 2dly. The air of marshes does not differ from atmospheric air, in any principle of which chemical analysis can show the existence. 3dly. None of the gasses disengaged from bodies in putrefaction exhibit themselves in a sensible quantity. 4thly. It is an error to attribute the disorders caused by marshy air to the predominance of azote, of carbonated hydrogen, of ammoniac, &c. 5thly. Those matters, even in a sheer state, occasion only momentary accidents, as gasses not respirable, and generate no subsequent disorder; *a fortiori*, when they are diffused in an imperceptible quantity in the atmospheric air, no effect of that nature can be imputed to them.

* This is good advice, and ought to be followed in all countries, whether marshy or not.

CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.

M. DOBEREINER, professor of Chemistry in the University of Jena, gives an account of a discovery of the greatest importance. By a series of entirely new experiments, he has ascertained that platina, the heaviest of all elementary substances, when reduced into very fine particles, produces, by simple contact with hydrogen gas, (the lightest of elementary substances,) an electrical or dynamic combination, which, if brought into contact with hydrogen gas or with atmospheric air, instantly dissolves itself, yielding fire and water. To prove this important fact by a brilliant experiment, M. Doberainer makes hydrogen pass from a reservoir, by a capillary tube, curved below, upon pure platina in powder, which is contained in a glass tunnel, hermetically sealed at the point, so that the gas mingles with the atmospheric air before it touches the platina. The moment that the current of gas reaches the surface of the platina, the powder of that metal becomes red and burning, and this phenomenon continues as long as the stream of gas is directed upon it. This fine discovery will open a new field for physical and chemical researches.

ROMAN SEPULCHRES.

THERE have lately been discovered at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in a field situate on the right bank of the Lyanne, three ranges of stone tombs. In each of them were bones, rusty armour, a small bottle, and a vase of Terra Cotta. Among the fragments of armour hitherto found, there is a small Roman eagle, which is preserved entire. In the same field,

several small silver medals have also been found, bearing on one side the effigy and the name of Germanicus, and on the other an ancient car drawn by four horses. It is to be hoped that a discovery, which is of so much importance to the history of the country will be carefully prosecuted, as well by the local authorities as by the Society of Agriculture and Arts at Boulogne. There is every reason to suppose that these tombs are not the only ones, and that the three parallel lines which have been discovered extend farther, and contain a much greater number of tombs. The dimensions of the numerous stones of which they are made, and the labour bestowed in placing them, will not admit of the supposition that this expense was for mere private soldiers. The owner of the field has offered, it is said, to leave these monuments entire where they stand, if the magistrates are willing to take care of them, by ordering the custom-house officers, who have a post close by, to pay attention to their preservation; otherwise, he will have them removed to another part of his estate, where they will be carefully replaced in their original position.

MINE OF VIRGIN IRON.

NATURE every day shows us new phenomena, and, in spite of all our study and research, the most surprising are perhaps still hidden from our view. A mine of virgin iron has lately been discovered in the Missouy country, district of Washington; it forms almost an entire mountain, which is said to be large enough to supply the whole world for many years with metal of a good quality. Hitherto iron had never been met with in a pure metallic form.

LITERATURE.

FONTHILL CAMPAIGN.

A slight Sketch.

STR,—A Book campaign is at all times an object of attraction; but at Fonthill, irresistible. That magic name spirited me up; and, braving the boisterous gales and weeping waters, I found myself once more at Fonthill Abbey.

As I entered the grand Court Yard, an unsightly excrescence protruding from the eastern limb of the building, presented itself: the frowning dark towers above the newly-erected platform—the narrow opening leading to the dark barrier within, recalled to my imagination the melancholy fate of the Marys, the Greys, and the Staffords, of former days. But a truce now with sadness.

I ascended the elevated stage, and threading a dark, narrow passage, a few paces farther brought me into the Atrium Auction-m. An elevated position on the right enabled me to view the skirmishing in the arena below.

Asmod, with truncheon in hand, took his position in the rostrum at the upper end; the recruits had failed to attend by sound of trumpet; and confidence in their valour seemed ebbing fast, when Drum-major Lexfordius gave signal of their approach. Asmod, then essayed to give tongue, in glibly-measured tones, with apparent self-complacency. Previous to the commencement of the action, two or three brace of feathered beauties planted themselves in the opposite alcove, to observe the manœuvres; impatient of delay, and shivering with cold, they soon took flight. Their starved, moping, winged relatives in

the Court Yard below, had cause to rejoice; they were regaled with crumbs of comfort by these kind, good creatures from the tables of the Fountain Court.

On a cross bench, near the rostrum, sat the Scriptorum Minores Rerum Fonthilliarum, Tabellarius, Chronon, Molli-gloss, and Prelam, all staunch men and true, issuing their daily laudatory bulletins to the honour and glory of the little Buonaparte in his way—the mighty Asmod.

The renowned Atticus, in restless strides, fidgeted about the rostrum: single-handed, he was almost powerless; the sturdy Bipoles slackened his fire in an instant, captured his war-helmet and baggage: a brawny Milesian took in hand the sabre of Atticus, and furiously parrying his opponents, a desperate struggle ensued; Rodius, by a well-timed thrust, snapped in twain the sabre of the Milesian, and gained the victory.

Fossa and Clerus, of the Bipole Legion, also kept up a brisk fire; this was answered from behind the ranks by the Drum-major Lexfordius. The tactics of the said Drum-major, not according with strict military discipline, would not have been allowed *en face*: being an inexperienced marksman, and unacquainted with the attenuating properties of Farkar powder, the spent balls, from a misdirection of his piece, instinctively dropped into the lap of Asmod, producing contortions that indicated great bodily pain.

The Asmodæans finding themselves worsted, were compelled, as a last resource, to call to their aid the Cavaliere Ronzino, a prancing old stager and experienced tactician. His stratagems, however, not succeeding, he vapoured about a considerable time; at last, becoming skittish, and almost overpowered by the fetid odour of Farkar powder, he rapidly scampered off the field of action.

The regiment "Præstigiæ"—rogues in buckram, headed by Drum-major Lexfordius, and drawn from the metropolitan sinks and alleys, were drummed out of the ranks, one by one, by Clerus, Quarter-master-general.

P.S.—The Cavaliere Ronzino is gone over to the enemy, and brings intelligence that the discomfited Asmodæans, disappointed of the expected plunder, are in a state of mutiny. Drum-major Lexfordius has orders from head-quarters to collect the remnants of the baggage; the wooden *tirailleurs*, and all their frippery trappings, to be sold for the benefit of the starving recruits. Through the kind offices of the Cavaliere, who has secret communications with his late comrades, I hope in my next to send you an account of the portions allotted to each man.

I am, Sir, yours,

September 25, 1823. ISAAC LITTLEBURY.

FINE ARTS.

WARD'S LITHOGRAPHIC DRAWINGS OF CELEBRATED HORSES.

"The most interesting feature of lithography (says Mr. Ward) is its power to multiply actual fac-similes of the painter's work, thereby diffusing the results of his labour precisely as they issue from his own hand; and thus aiding, to a vast extent, the progress of the Arts, by communicating to hundreds, at a moderate expense in comparison with such drawings in chalk, the identical touches of the master; for every line that he draws upon the stone becomes the precise means of transfer by which every following likeness is produced."

Acknowledging the truth of this remark, its applicability to any work of so eminent a master as Mr. Ward is, and the value which it stamps upon the present publication, will be felt by every person (and who is not?) aware of his great talent. Indeed, we look upon these drawings as inimitable in their line; nor can we conceive it possible for superior powers to be employed in the portraiture of that noble animal the horse.

The first Number, consisting of four of the twelve subjects which the undertaking embraces, was noticed on its appearance in the *Literary Gazette*: the second Number, consisting also of four portraits, is now before us, and fully equal, in every description of merit, to its precursor.

Phantom, a beautiful blood-horse, with eye and nostril of fire, ears replete with character, and veins meandering like fine rivers over the surface of his symmetrical form, is a noble specimen of Art and of Nature. *Leopold* is another, perhaps still more spirited; while the dappled and handsome *Walton* offers a variety of peculiar shape and admirable expression, if we may use that term in speaking not only of the head but of the body and limbs of this superb creature. The last, and least (in size) of these delightful productions, is *Little Peggy*, one of the most picturesque and humorous Shetlanders which we ever saw. As in all the others, the perfect character of the animal is preserved here; and Mr. Ward has throughout shown himself incomparably happy in representing the physiognomy, the gait, the habits, and even the temper, of the horse!

DIORAMA.

A NOVEL and magnificent Exhibition under this name has just been opened. We understand that a perfect pictorial and optical illusion is made by the ingenious application of light and shadow to immense pictures, of seventy or eighty feet in diameter. The subjects are Canterbury Cathedral, and a Swiss Landscape. Similar spectacles have been for some time highly popular in Paris; and we shall take an early opportunity of describing this more fully to our readers, being at present only enabled to say from good report, that it is eminently beautiful and worthy of visitation.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXTRACTS FROM MY POCKET BOOK.

SONGS OF LOVE.

Farewell, farewell! Of this be sure,
Since thou art false to me,
For all the world I'd not endure
What I have felt for thee.

Oh never may I feel again
What once I felt for thee, love;
Never wilt thou be dear again
As once thou wert to me, love.

There was a time when not a shade
Could rest on aught about thee;
Now the young heart thou hast betrayed,
Alas, has learnt to doubt thee.

I will not bid thee call to mind
The sweet hopes thou hast banished,—
Why should the lamp remain behind
When the flame it fed has vanished?

Why should I picture to thy view
The feelings thou hast blighted?
Or bid thee think how fond, how true
The bosom thou hast alighted?

As the poor bird is left to pine

We once could fondly cherish,
So when my heart replied to thine,
'Twas coldly left to perish.

Go, false one! bask in other eyes,
Some one may then deceive thee,
And thou wilt know the tears, the sighs,
That come when fond dreams leave thee.

Farewell! each sweet link of the heart
Thy falsehood now must sever;
Go! cruel, faithless as thou art,—
Farewell, farewell for ever!

Air,—*Here's a health to ane I loo dear.*

Farewell to my first dream of love,
The bark of hope is wrecked:
'Twas hard in its first upspring
The young bird's flight should be checked.
But, Allan, thou art faithless to me,
But, Allan, thou art faithless to me;
The peace of that heart for ever is lost
That dares confide in thee, Allan.

Thy love's the false ore that glistens
In the deceiving mine,—
The treasures we find are but dross
When the search is in hearts like thine, Allan.
I'll trust the winds in their anger,
I'll trust the dark rolling sea,—
And hope for repose and shelter,
Ere I'll put faith in thee, Allan.

Air,—*Tam Glen.*

My heart is not light as when first, love,
That fond heart confided to thee,
The passion-flowers which thou hast nursed, love,
Are flowers of sadness to me.

Thou hast been to me as the spring gale, love,
That woos the young bloom to unfold;
But when once its caresses prevail, love,
The warm sigh it breathed will grow cold.

Alas, when the heart is once won, love,
It is not held dear as before;
When the race has in triumph been run, love,
The prize is thought precious no more.

Farewell! thou hast trifled with me, love,
Yet for thee is my very last sigh;
She who trusted so fearlessly to thee, love,
Can but weep o'er thy falsehood, and die.

'Twas sweet to look upon thine eyes,
As they looked answering to mine own;
'Twas sweet to listen to thy sighs,
And hear my name on every tone.

'Twas sweet to meet in yon lone glen
While smiles the heart's best sunshine shed;
'Twas sweet to part and think again
The gentle things that each had said.

But all this sweetness was not worth
The tears that dimm'd its after light,—
Love is a sweet star at its birth,
But one that sets in deepest night.—L.E.L.

[This signature was accidentally omitted to the three beautiful pieces in our last Number.—Ed.]

Why look'd I on that fatal line,
Why did I pray that page to see?
Too well I knew no word of thine
Was fraught with aught but pain to me!
I should have known, I should have thought
The fleeting hope would soon decay;
So oft the gleam of joy it brought
Has only shone to pass away.

Thy hand had traced the words I read,
And in that dream I wandered on,
Forgot their cherish'd spell was fled,
Thy vows no more, thy fondness gone.

I lived whole years of joy again,
I dwelt on each recorded vow—
Oh! tender was their meaning then.
Alas! they have no meaning now!
Little Hampton, Aug. 27, 1823. M. E.

**THE APPROACH TO THE VALE OF HONITON,
DEVONSHIRE.**
It was a stormy evening—yet ere day
Behind the clouds of purple clos'd his eye,
One glance of glory flooded earth and sky
With light and beauty,—golden was the ray
Upon the vale below, as wound our way
Along the hill's steep ridge—a silvery die
Gleam'd on the smoke that curl'd its wreaths
on high,
Where deep embower'd in trees the village lay;
Above it wood on wood and hill on hill
Slop'd gently upward, while the utmost west
O'er the blue searocks glow'd sublimer still,
For there the storm-cloud lean'd his swelling
As if he linger'd on his march of ill, [breast,
Loth to convulse a scene so fair and blest.
Temple, Aug. 1823. ZARACH.

QUATORZAIN.—THE MARINER.
Shebi tarik u' bimi muje u' guirdabi chenin hall
Kuja danendi hali ma sebukbarani shihila.
The darkness of the night, the fear of the waves, and
the whirlpool, are so dreadful,
How can they, who bear light burdens on the shore,
know my situation? *Hefiz.*
'T is dead of night—the deep blue vault of Heaven
Is all obscured by clouds intensely dark,
And on the troublous sea the slender bark
Of yon lone mariner is wildly driven.
Methinks a power unlimited is given
To each rude wind that, struggling on the main,
Fiercely contends the mastery to gain;
While in their strife old Ocean's bed is riven.
Yet Hope illumines that hardy Sailor's mind,
And cheers his manly soul: with vigorous hand
He plies the helm, and leaves high seas behind.
But oh, in vain he nears the friendly land,—
Full on his bark comes one tremendous wave,
And yon white curling foam is that poor Seaman's
grave!
Brighton. G. B. H.

SONNET.—THE SILVER CLOUD.
All Heaven was dark,—the sombrous wings of night
Cast their sad umbrage round them, yet one cloud
With lucid brightness shone, as 'twere the shroud
Of some lone spirit beaming radiant light.
I stood astonished, and with high delight
Beheld her splendor, for the moonbeam proud
Peered from beneath th' interminable crowd
Of shades that erst withheld her from my sight.
It was an awful scene! I saw her rise,
And in her presence was the tempest riven:
She looked so beauteous from the lowering skies,
Thro' clouds on clouds precipitously driven,
Like some young herald sent from paradise,
Bursting with glory thro' the gates of Heaven.
Brighton. G. B. H.

THE INDIAN CUPID.
He is represented riding by moonlight on a parrot or
lory, and attended by dancing girls or nymphs, the fore-
most of whom bears his colours, which are a fish on a
red ground. His bow is of sugar-cane or flowers, with
a string of bees, and his five arrows each pointed with
an Indian blossom of a healing quality. His name is
Camdeo; but he has at least twenty-three names.
Sir Wm. Jones.

Who is he that swiftly comes
In the lovely silence of night?—
I know him by his sparkling plumes
That shine in the clear moonlight,
By the scarlet wings of his soaring bird,
And the ceaseless music round him heard.

I know him by his arrows
And by his blossom'd bow;
By the forms of radiant beauty that bear
And softly wave in the perfumed air
His standard to and fro.
Often and long on the summer sea
In the moonlight have I watched for thee;
The glittering beam was downward thrown,
And each wave with a crest of diamonds shone.
I have seen the thin clouds sail along,
And I raised, to welcome thee, many a song;
But long have I lingered, and watched in vain,
To see the light of thy starry train
Sweep in beauty across the sky
To tones of heavenly harmony.
Now I behold thee—now 't is the hour—
Yes, thou art come in thy splendor and power!—
But no! the vision is passing on,
The bright forms vanish one by one,—
On the desolate shore I am left alone!
Yet stay—oh stay!—like light 'ning they move—
Too well, by thy fleetness, I know thou art Love!
Little Hampton, Sept. 20, 1823. M. E.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BARLEY-CORN CLUB.—NO. XI.
*Philosophy in a Punt, or the Delights of Cockney
Angling.*

Commodore Flinders is just returned after an
absence of about a week, passed in exploring the
ruralities of London. To relieve himself from
the annoyance of being examined and cross-ex-
amined as to the adventures he had met with,
and the observations he had made, he adopted the
laudable expedient of keeping a journal,
which he has presented to the Club as a work of
reference. He modestly entitles it his Log-book;
and this led me to expect merely a series of rough
and abrupt notes; but the perusal of a few pages
convinced me that the writer's plan had been to
work up his materials as he proceeded; to fol-
low the example of all our great travellers by sea
and land, in mingling meditation with recital,
the erudite with the descriptive; and, in short,
to surprise us all by exhibiting the united quali-
fications of Selkirk and Defoe, of Captain Cook
and Dr. Hawkesworth. I select the following
extract, because it relates to an amusement which
is still quite in season.

"The beautiful stream that meanders through
our own hamlet affords a fund of recreation to
the contemplative brother of the angle, and the
pleasures which it yields are unsophisticated by
the artful contrivances adopted in the immediate
vicinity of the metropolis. The contrast has
often struck me during my ramble, but never
more forcibly than yesterday. After viewing the
richly stored gallery of Hermon Court, and per-
ambulating the noble gardens of the Palace, I
stroled about a mile down the river, and crossing
a ferry, arrived at the village of Thames Ditton.
From the landing-place I beheld a flotilla of
punts, fixed in favourite haunts, and was amused
with the mechanical movements of the sports-
men, their arms being alternately elevated and
depressed, like the lever of a steam-engine. On
turning round, I perceived an elderly gentleman
with his fishing-rod in his hand, and his apron
adjusted, about to step into his canoe. After the
interchange of those civilities that usually pass in
the country between strangers, his face seemed
to grow more familiar, and I recognised him as
the friend of my late father. As he was without
an associate, he requested me to bear him com-
pany, and offered to furnish me with the requisite
apparatus. To this proposal I willingly as-
sented; and after some further talk in the way
of comparing notes on the renewal of our ac-
quaintance, I became desirous of some informa-
tion concerning the village and its inhabitants.
My friend replied, "The former is extremely
dirty, and the latter are, on most occasions, in

the habit of preferring the blossoms of fancy to
the fruit of fact,—a whimsical propensity, sure
enough, which has led many visitors to name this
spot 'Lying Ditton.'" The old gentleman next
expatiated on the diminution of fish, a calamity,
in his opinion, solely attributable to the construc-
tion of locks, through which that river has been
converted into a range of stagnant pools. In re-
counting his former exploits, he thus pathetically
bewailed the present dearth of the hazy tribe:
"There was a time when this noble river flowed
without obstruction, from its source to the ocean.
Its unfettered stream rolled majestically, 'strong
without rage, without o'erflowing full;' the
force of its current swept away all opposing bar-
riers, and its bed became deepened, in many
places, 'a full fathom five.' The scaly brood fol-
lowed without control the destinations of their
species, and ranged, as their migratory instincts
directed, from Oxford to the Nore. They multi-
plied abundantly, attained the full maturity of
their growth, exercised the skill and ingenuity of
the angler, and rewarded him with a delicious
and wholesome repast. This was the Thames!
Of late, a set of idiot projectors, holding forth a
lucrative harvest to the rapacity of the Navigation
Committee, and imposing on the absolute wis-
dom of the Court of Aldermen, have, by their
locks at different stations, intercepted its natural
flow, and diminished the impetus of its current;
it now drains through the paddles of a sluice, or
dribbles down the inclined plane of a backwater.
It has become comparatively quiescent, and con-
sequently choked by accumulations of sand. The
fish are incarcerated, and if a few escape miracu-
lously downward through the bars of their prison,
they cannot revisit their haunts: the lock is 'the
bourn from whence no traveller returns.' Through
this confinement their growth has dwindled; and
those that remain resemble a colony of anchovies,
without their flavour. Perhaps the contrivances
of man may ultimately exhaust the animal crea-
tion: I may yet survive to catch the only min-
now that the Thames can furnish, or broil the
last sprat in the ocean."

Perceiving in the tone of these remarks a
symptom of that uneasy feeling which partakes
both of indignation and despondency, I strove to
divert the ruffled current of my friend's thoughts
into another channel, by observing that his fa-
vorite amusement being of a tranquil and con-
templative nature, was highly propitious to phi-
losophical speculation. He replied, that he did
not come thither to philosophize, but to fish;
and he was firmly of opinion that the two pur-
suits were wholly incompatible. "A philosopher,"
(said he,) in the modern acceptance of the term,
I take to be a person who, having devised or
adopted a set of notions which he dignifies by the
name of a theory, makes it at once his business
and his pleasure, his waking study and his nightly
dream. His anxiety by means of this theory to
attain an ascendancy in public opinion, renders
him more jealous and intolerant even than a
poet. He craves the bubble reputation with
more avidity than the miser covets gold, and is
far more crafty in devising expedients to possess
himself of his darling object. I once asked my
friend Heinsen, the notary public, what they
called a philosopher in German? He answered,
'Weltweiser;' a term which happily assimilates
the character itself with John Bunyan's Worldly
Wiseman. Frederick the Second is said to have
declared, that if he wished to inflict on a province
the curse of misgovernment, he would
intrust it to the tutelage of a squad of philoso-
phers; and I am morally certain that any one of
these sages would make a much poorer figure as
an angler than even as a minister of state."

"Perhaps (said I) poetical composition is a
more congenial accompaniment to this fascinating
recreation."—"No, Sir, (he replied;) the poet
who would stoop to this pastime must cut down
his pen to a float, and make a line of the chords
of his lyre. Some of our amateurs indeed pre-
tend that the great poets of antiquity were all
rotaries of the art: Homer, for instance, borman
islander, must have wielded the rod not only in

his school, but at holiday-times; Virgil, too, abounds with allusions to this noble sport; and according to a conjecture imputed to Joseph Scaliger, when the young Ascanius happily unriddled the harpy's prediction that his father's troops would be reduced by famine to devour their trenchers, the Trojans were at that moment eating anchovy sandwiches. All the poetry that has been expressly written on fishing I have read, from the piscatory eclogues of Sannazaro, to the ballads of old Isaac Walton; and with great deference to the judgment of those writers, I think the subject might have been as well let alone. Angling needs not the feeble aid of rhyme to recommend it; and the man who in following the sport must needs be reading or making verses, deserves to be ducked for his pains."

I then remarked that the fraternity of anglers could not surely be indifferent to political affairs, and pointed out to my friend's notice an old gentleman in a neighbouring punt, who had a newspaper lying beside him. "That (said he) is mine ancient friend Mr. Aldgate, as thorough-bred a cockney as ever vegetated within the sound of Bow bells, but as ill qualified for fishing as for driving a mail-coach. I never view him in his present position but I am reminded of the passage in the burlesque tragedy of the Rovers, where 'Patience sits by the bottomless pool of despondency angling for possibilities, and can't get even a nibble.' He has the Papers regularly sent down to him while here, to serve as a solace in his continual ill luck, little aware that his ineptness is mainly owing to his inveterate habits as a news-monger. Some years ago he used many efforts to inspire me with the same hankering curiosity after public affairs. One morning in October 1812, he came alongside with a face like 'the title of a tragic volume,' to inform me that Moscow was burnt, and that the thirtieth French bulletin described the whole city as an *ocean of flame*.—"That being the case, (said I,) the French have a pretty kettle of fish to fry." We have continued from that time to be upon the best terms, but he has never since invited me to a share of his political breakfast. He has all the credulity of your regular quidnunc. About six years before that period, he asked me what could be the reason of the uncommon scarcity of fish in the river? I told him they were gone to parake of a feast provided at the battle of Trafalgar, to which they had been summoned by a submarine telegraph, consisting of electric eels stationed at regular distances. He said gravely, 'Is it possible!' When the present Spanish war broke out, he asked me if it would be of long duration? I said, 'In all probability it will, for I perceive that the beans in my garden have all grown with their noses in an inverted position in the pod, a phenomenon which occurred throughout the country on the eve of the American war, and at the commencement of the French revolution.' He said this was very extraordinary, and thanked me for mentioning it, because he really did not know the right position of a bean from the wrong one."

My companion having disclaimed all relish either for philosophy, poetry, or politics, I remarked that without the aid of such resources, angling must on the whole be a dull amusement. He said, "Certainly, and so much the more salutary. Dullness is the natural state of man, from which he is roused only by artificial, and often pernicious excitement. An occasional relapse into that tranquil state is as needful for the mind as sleep is for the body. It is an oblivious antidote to the canker of care and business—an opiate, which, by imparting a balmy repose to our faculties when wearied by active occupation or amusement, refreshes and invigorates them. When I come hither, it is with a determination to forego all severe exercise of thought; to refrain from the slightest effort at calculation or study; to forget that there is such a thing as a book in the world; and to be gratefully alive to the simple blessedness of health, freedom, and competence. After nightfall, a little trifling conversation serves to wile away the hours till bed-time; and as the

day is now closing, we may as well go and take our ease in our inn."

Having discontinued the recreation, we steered for the house of refreshment. In a snug parlour we found several brethren of the angle, holding a solemn debate on the formation of a *Single Hair Club*, pursuant to an unanimous vote that such an institution was rendered expedient by the increased sagacity and wariness of the fish. From the regulations suggested by the different speakers, I was enabled to collect, that every person proposed as a member should exhibit a sufficient stock of single hair, both cream-coloured and sorrel, to entitle him to be elected; the specimens, if approved, to become the property of the club. It was next agreed that the members of the society ought to be considered as ranking with the *Equestrian* order, to maintain which proud and honourable distinction all cow-keepers and donkey-men were declared ineligible; and for the same reason no ambitious swine-herd or pig-driver would be permitted to bristle up into a candidate. This prohibition, taken in its latitude, was considered as excluding the editor of the *Bull*, unless it can be satisfactorily proved that this meritorious Paper is conducted by Mr. Hook. For the accumulation of a *floating* capital of round, long, and strong single hair, it was proposed that the Master of the Horse should be solicited to become Patron of the Society; that the grooms in the King's stables, and in those of the principal nobility, the most eminent veterinary surgeons, and the officers of all the long-tail cavalry regiments, be considered as honorary members. It was also recommended, that as the tails of Arabians afford the finest material, the committee should adopt measures for ensuring the good offices of Asiatic and African travellers, and especially for enlisting in their service all missionaries destined for the East, who in case of a failure in their efforts to convert the natives, might console themselves by converting the tails of their horses into lines, and thus convince their employers that they have continued in the line of their duty. Finally, it was proposed that at the annual meeting of the Society, which is intended to combine science with conviviality, the Chairman shall preside with a carving-knife, weighing two pounds, and acutely pointed, suspended over his head by a single hair; it being presumed that his confidence in the tackle will exempt him from the apprehensions entertained by Danocles, improve his appetite, invigorate his digestion, and probably enable him, with a full sense of security, to take a nap after dinner. These resolutions having been carried, the brethren of the angle betook themselves to roost, that they might return to their punts by sunrise. The old gentleman and myself replenished our tumblers; and deriving fresh eloquence from his toddy, he resumed the subject of our afternoon's discourse. "I told you that this place had been designated 'Lyng Ditton'; and it is not surprising that the pernicious habit of mendacity, from its infectious nature, should be very speedily imbibed by the strangers who visit the district. The natives cannot discern that which is generally before their eyes; and when enveloped in fog, they maintain that the atmosphere is so pure and clear as to remind them of an Italian sky. They accurately recollect conversations that never took place, and remember distinctly what has never been uttered. They possess, moreover, the credulity of our friend Aldgate, and can easily reconcile the conflicting absurdities that form such an amusing portion of the current news of the day; in short, to borrow an expression from Orator Irving, they may truly be said to belong to those 'Imaginative Classes of Society,' to whom his discourses are more particularly directed; since that phrase, in its full extent of interpretation, comprehends liars and lunatics, who, confessedly, 'are of imagination all compact.'"

This anathema pronounced against the harmless inhabitants of an obscure village, impressed me with a notion that the old gentleman had experienced some serious disappointment, or was

indebted to the landlord; but on inquiring at the bar, where a long panel was inscribed with hieroglyphics in chalk, it did not appear that my friend's name was recorded. On my return to the room, he suggested that another tumbler would enable him to satisfy my curiosity, and relieve his own mind of a subject little relished in the society he frequented. "In this part of the country, Sir, the science of cajoling a cockney angler is practised in the greatest perfection. When the patient tenant of the punt cannot (as it very frequently happens) entrap the finny race, the worthy host and the fishermen are always ready with reasons to assign for the failure. It is observed, for instance, that no sport can be expected while the wind continues in *that* quarter, a remark which of course applies with equal aptitude to all the points of the compass. Sometimes the water is too high, sometimes too low; or it is so thick that the fish cannot see the bait, or on the contrary so clear, that although anxious to bite, they are afraid to come near it. At those periods when there really are no fish in the river, some lynx-eyed hind will pretend to have seen immense shoals concealed in the weeds, and will aver that in one hole he has discerned at least a wagon-load. Hence an angler may be regarded as the pilgrim of hope and the martyr of disappointment, while the fisherman, his ragged satellite, is the contented creature of certainty, being sure of his wages at sunset. Perhaps few happier subjects could be found for Wilkie's pencil than in the contrast between eagerness and apathy, as expressed in the figures of the cockney angler and his lazy attendant. The former directs his keen eye to the motions of the well-balanced float as it glides with the current, and flushed with expectation, often strikes at imaginary bites, and catches the bottom. Sometimes a scarcely perceptible nibble revives his drooping spirits and quickens his attention: meantime the attendant, a voluntary fixture, yawns, slumbers, and in a luxurious dream anticipates his savoury and easily-earned supper of beef-steaks and onions.

"To such an extent is the imposture of these fishermen carried, that during the summer season they unblushingly assert that the fish are herbaceous, and live upon the weeds; nay, such is said to be their relish for this salad, that they turn up their noses at a worm or a maggot, and when after repeated and unavailing trials the proverbial patience of the angler is fretted to tatters, and his money all expended, these ironical comforters will recommend him to come in the winter when the fish are in the deeps, and when by an imperative necessity they must either bite or starve." Here my communicative friend confessing himself tired, wished me a good night, and said he should retire to rest.

I remained awake only to note down a few drowsy reflections. This is certainly, thought I, a trifling pursuit to which my friend devotes his leisure. But what would life be worth if it allowed no time for trifling—if every hour of it were occupied in an anxious struggle for subsistence, or consumed in 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils?' A pastime of this kind is alike adapted to the convenience of those who have too much care, and of those who have too little; to the former it affords a soothing relief, and to the latter an innocent mode of putting in practice old Burton's precept for dispelling melancholy: "Be not solitary; be not idle;"—a precept rendered less emphatical by Dr. Johnson's emendation—"If idle, be not solitary; if solitary, be not idle."

DRAMA.

PREPARATORY to opening the campaign for 1823-4, Covent Garden Theatre was lighted up on Friday week, and Drury Lane on Monday, to numerous assemblages invited for the occasions. We attended both. The improvements made at Covent Garden carry that structure as near to perfection as we can imagine. The beauty of the general form

of the house comes up to, and almost surpasses our beau ideal of such a building. The box-ornaments round all the circles are at once gorgeous and chaste, splendid but not dazzling, and forming a coup-d'œil of delightful symmetry, richness, and grace. The ceiling is novel, and produces a fine effect; especially where it leans upon a curtain-top of an unusual and charming character. The closing up of what were called "pigeon holes" is another striking alteration for the better in these upper parts; and we doubt not will be found beneficial in rendering hearing more distinct, since it must have been that the actors' voices were dissipated among these caverns for swallowing up sound. The minor changes are also judicious; particularly the reduction of the boxes fronting the stage in the dress circle; and the opinion of the visitors, as far as we have heard, coincided with our own, that this theatre can now hardly admit of improvement.

At Drury Lane the internal decorations seemed equally agreeable to a great majority of a numerous company. The changes in this house are not so prominent as at the other: indeed so much was done last year, that little could be done now. The roof, the boxes, and the saloon, chiefly displayed where the hands of the workmen had been. But the grand attraction of the evening was a banquet liberally provided for the guests by the spirited Manager. Critics were seen being mollified by calves-feet jelly; tragic authors committing immense havoc on cold beef, veal, and ham; comedians intent on trifles and negus; farce-writers busy with the merry thoughts of chickens; and actors and actresses taking many parts. It was the reverse of *Much Ado About Nothing*; and if the performances were not such as would fill the treasury or the house, they were at any rate (though with much cutting up) well calculated for filling the performers.

The scene was amusing, and tea, coffee, wine, and wassail, went off admirably. Elliston was there, looking as jocose as if he had been the Treatise; and other persons of note occurred to our sight,—seen dimly, as Ossian would say, through the mists and mazes of quadrilles, the famous exhalations of hot tumblers, and the rushing onwinds of promenaders (ladies in gauzes and flounces) to meet each other as clouds meet clouds. Among the most prominent we observed Sir W. Congreve, who, it was whispered in the saloon, had invented a catamaran to blow up the theatre in case of fire. A magazine of rockets was understood to be in the cellarage along with Hamlet's father's ghost, and though no apprehensions seemed to pervade the giddy crowd above, it was hinted that they might go off, whatever became of new comedies and forthcoming pieces. To counterbalance the presence of this grand destroyer of mankind, we were happy to see Mr. Richard Martin, M. P., obviously engaged in the great work of humanity. Luckily for Mr. Liston he did not appear, as there were two Police Officers in readiness to apprehend him on a charge of cruelty to an Ass, which he rode for his own benefit at the Haymarket, and treated, according to Mr. Martin's statement, with insufferable contumely and scorn. Liston will do well to keep out of the way till this storm blows over: the tread-mill is not so pleasant a performance as it looked in the Pantomimes last year. *Verbum sat.* Mr. M., it is also

understood, objected to the Dog of Montargis being forced to act by the scandalous means resorted to at former rehearsals; and proposed that the shameful abuse of Crab by Launce, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, should be omitted in future representations, on pain of a visit to Sir R. Birnie, Mr. Dyer, or other Magistrate of Committing propensities. These things, if not attended to, will, it is expected, be made the objects of a bill to be brought in next Session of Parliament; in the meantime, Mr. Elliston has promised to treat the stud of horses which are engaged for this season, better than Christian performers ever were treated since the dawn of the Drama. "Short bite" is to be abolished; Tom Thumb's Red Cow, the Governor's Courser in Don Juan, Pegasus, Whittington's Cat, Carlo, and all other quadrupeds which have dangerous or fatiguing parts to act, are to be done by Doubles of wood and pasteboard, and it is confidently hoped that the interests of humanity and the theatre will be alike promoted by these arrangements.

Both Theatres opened on Wednesday.

At Drury-Lane, *The Rivals* was played, and well played. Downton, Elliston, and Harley, were animated in their respective characters, Captain Absolute, Jack and Acres. Mr. Wallack was a sententious Faulkland. A Mr. Waller made his debut as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and though rather stiff, and not a good figure for the part, he acquitted himself satisfactorily enough. Miss Lydia Kelly returned to the Stage as Lydia Languish, and showed more self-possession and familiarity with the boards than when she left them. To the play succeeded, or rather did not succeed, a new drama called *Stella and Leatherlungs, or The Star and the Stroller*. It might do for strollers, but has nothing in common with stars or any other shining. Clara Fisher rehearses to a provincial manager, and in conjunction with Leatherlungs (Harley) several scenes of Falstaff, Pangloss, Norval, Hamlet, and Little Pickle. The whole was grossly absurd, and rendered more ridiculous by Harley's efforts to make the tragical scenes comical. In this he partially failed, for the thing was not laughable though it was not serious. The dwarf attempts of the dramatic Jeffery Hudson were hardly more fortunate. Falstaff was very poor, Pangloss tedious, Norval indifferent, and Shylock alone clever as a proof of the extent to which mimic talent may be cultivated. The piece altogether was abortive and unworthy of a great Theatre: it was therefore justly condemned, and repeated on Thursday, the newspapers say, with more success.

At Covent-Garden, the performances were *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Rosina*. C. Kemble's Benedict and Miss Chester's Beatrice were most excellent. Abbott in Claudio, Faren in Dogberry, Keeley in Verges, &c. &c. were all that could be wished.—*Rosina* was also delightfully cast. Miss M. Tree sang sweetly, and Miss Hallande as William poured forth such volumes of rich notes as are rarely issued from a human organ. We cannot conceive why this glorious voice is seldom heard but in parts of second or inferior rank. Connor's Patrick was full of native humour.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Saturday, a very tiresome Drama made out of and called *The Vicar of Wakefield*, was produced at this Theatre. We fear that Mr. T. Dibdin is answerable for this dire

offence; but he has so often entertained the public, that it ought not to be too severe upon a single piece of dulness. Liston struggled ineffectually with Moses, and Terry as vainly with the Vicar; the one could not be ludicrous, nor the other pathetic. Cooper was a good Barchell, and the fair Olivia was fairly represented by Miss Chester. Mrs. Garrick did not look the part of the second daughter well; and there was such a superabundance of singling, that what would have been sufficiently *ennuyant* without the music, was intolerable with it. The audience were most patient, and endured Mrs. Orger in a capital medley, which she executed with uncommon spirit. Mrs. Gibbs, in the other London lady, was equally good; but nothing could save the Drama from oblivion.

Note.—By the by, the conduct of the Box-keepers at this Theatre is a public nuisance: the incivility and greediness of several of them has given offence to almost every visitor.

Mr. Conway.—Among the dramatic changes, one gentleman is leaving this country for America, who has not for several seasons occupied that station on our stage which his fine talent so justly entitled him to hold. The absence of Mr. Conway from the London boards is one of the strongest instances we know of the power of malignant criticism and consequent public caprice. Unquestionably one of the ablest and most accomplished performers of the period, we have seen men of half his powers maintaining high places in that course from which he was driven by the most unfair personal and bitter persecution. We trust the transatlantic lovers of the drama will appreciate his merits as they deserve, and treat with the liberality due to him, not only an excellent actor, but a pleasing and honourable member of society, and a man of superior intellectual endowments. He goes, in the first instance, to New York, whither perhaps this just tribute will precede him.

VARIETIES.

We hear that the sublime Eastern tale, "Vathek," is expected to appear in the Persian language. Sir W. Onseley, in the Appendix to his recent Volume of *Travels in Persia*, speaking of the stupendous hall of columns at Istakr, or Persepolis, quotes an applicable passage from the original French edition of Vathek, and thus concludes: "If real or probable history should not have excited a sufficient interest concerning these deserted ruins, let the future traveller, before he visit them, read even once (if he can be satisfied with reading only once) that inimitable fiction, the tale of Vathek."

The author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts, and the Secretary's Assistant, of which works we have spoken favourably, informs us that he has in the press a Dictionary of English Quotations, in three parts; and that part the first, containing quotations from Shakspeare, will appear in a few days.

The Foresters, by the author of *Lights and Shadows*, and of Margaret Lindsay, is among the Edinburgh announcements of forthcoming.

Paganism.—A very able translation of the "Symbolique" of the celebrated German Professor Creutzer, is about to be published in Paris, under the title of "The religious Creeds of ancient Nations." M. Mone, the Professor of History and Statistics at Heidelberg, has published a second volume of his "History of Paganism in Northern Europe," being a

continuat
The first v
treated of
the Finlan
ans, the H
and the r
from the
M. Creut
M. Mone
After hav
Germans
by exami
religious
cluding in
the Alsat
colony.
ing some
Nebalten
tion of th
only a co
which so
him, mai
roque B
que antiq
must nee
much mo
at which
His M
ing the c
antique
want of
deep tre
which t
palms fr
built ne
who is
Frere
has just
called "
the prop
families
is estab
by no
who ar
M. d'H
that the
volume
tor of
said—
N'ait-o
D'Hon
New
the mo
Paris,
apartm
musica
France
tion, i
Pasi
sian ju
imitat
of pro
Maje
of the
imitat
his Ma
to acc
Pop
a ren
Iceland
death
whole
Vol
in Ice
some
out to
of Ju
on th
ceas
had

continuation of Professor Creutzer's work. The first volume, which was printed last year, treated of the religions of the Laplanders, the Finlanders, the Livonians, the Lithuanians, the Hungarians, the Russians, the Poles, and the northern Germans. The transition from the Venns, the Ceres, the Bacchus of M. Creutzer, was certainly a little abrupt! After having finished all that relates to the Germans, he comes to the Celts, and begins by examining the remains of their modes of religious worship in Italy and Germany; including in the same chapter a dissertation on the Alsace, which was peopled by a German colony. Belgian deities follow; comprehending some ingenious remarks on the goddess Nehalena. M. Mone thinks that the migration of the nations of Upper Germany began only a century before Caesar,—a point on which some of the French critics differ from him, maintaining that in the passage "*Pleuroque Belgas esse ortos ab Germanis Rhenumque antiquitus traductos*," the word "*antiquitus*" must necessarily refer to a period of time much more distant than a century from that at which the passage was written.

His Majesty the King of Naples, considering the dilapidations to which the celebrated antique Temples at Paestum are exposed for want of proper protection, has ordered a deep trench to be dug all round the spot which they occupy, at the distance of ninety palms from the Temples, and a cottage to be built near to the largest Temple for a keeper, who is constantly to reside there.

French Noblesse.—The President d'Hozier has just published the first volume of a work called "*L'Indicateur Nobiliaire*;" containing the proper names of more than fifteen thousand families, whose nobility the president declares is established! But this is not all. The list is by no means complete. Those individuals who are not included, are desired to send M. d'Hozier copies of their titles, in order that their names may be inserted in the next volume. It was with reference to a progenitor of this worthy president's that Boileau said—

N'ait-on de son vrai nom ni titres, ni memoire,
D'Hozier vous trouvera cent aïeux dans l'Histoire.

New Musical Instrument.—M. Karr, one of the most celebrated professors of music in Paris, lately had the honour, in one of the apartments at the Louvre, of performing a musical piece before His Majesty the King of France, on a piano-forte of a new construction, invented by Messrs. Erard.

Paste.—M. Bourguignon, an eminent Parisian jeweller, well known for his admirable imitations of precious stones, had the honour of presenting to the King of France, on his Majesty's recent visit to the public exhibition of the produce of French industry, the first imitation ever made of the Crysoptas, which his Majesty highly admired, and condescended to accept.

Population of Iceland.—Last year presented a remarkable increase in the population of Iceland, the births being above double the deaths: viz. Births 1724, Deaths 841. The whole population was 35,386 souls.

Volcano in Iceland.—The volcano Kötuglian, in Iceland, (of the eruption of which we gave some particulars in our 348th Number,) threw out torrents of water from the 1st to the 15th of July, accompanied with terrible shocks; on the 18th and 19th these eruptions wholly ceased, and on the 25th and 26th the smoke had dispersed, so that in fine weather the

summit of the mountain was again visible, and it is hoped that it will now remain quiet.

Spinning Mice.—They laugh at every thing in France. The recent calculation as to the possibility of employing mice in spinning cotton, has produced the following facetious paragraphs in one of the French provincial Papers:—"It has been announced that a mouse employed in treading a little wheel for the purpose of spinning cotton, and in doing so, making as many steps in a day as are equal to four post-leagues, would produce a profit, clear of all expenses, of eight francs a year; and it has been asked, 'What might not be accomplished by two or three thousand mice?' This new impelling power will form an epoch in the present age of industry."—"A few feet from me is a squirrel, whose size and the quickness of whose revolutions would, if I mistake not, make him worth a hundred mice, for such a purpose; putting out of the question the much larger spindle that he would turn. According to my calculation, which is founded on that respecting mice, if a hundred mice would yield an annual profit of 800 francs, a single squirrel would yield as much; and if a manufacturer were to employ a hundred of these working quadrupeds, his annual gains would be 80,000 francs; besides their wages, paid to them in food—Should that sum be thought too large, I consent to its reduction to a half, which would still be a handsome profit. It is evident, therefore, that if the labour of mice is compared with that of squirrels, the advantage is in favour of the latter. In publishing this important discovery, I may perhaps draw upon myself the animadversion of mice, but cats will do me justice."

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Lizar's Views of Edinburgh, No. 4, royal 4to. 5s.; Indian Proofs 10s. 6d.—Forsyth's Summary of Macgibbon's Physiology, Vol. 2, Part 1. 8vo. 6s.—Dallas's Astratus and other Poems, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Carpenter's Unitarianism the Doctrine of the Gospel, 12mo. 7s.—Maggi's French Grammar, 12mo. 4s.—Also, new editions of the following: Cooke's Bankrupt Laws, 38s.—Fenwick on Subterranean Surveying, 12s.—Abercrombie's Gardener, 7s. 6d.—Westlake's Decimal Tables, 81s.—Bonycastle's Mensuration, 4s. 6d.—Body and Soul, with additions, 16s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

SEPTEMBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 25	from 46 to 62	29.83 to 29.93
Friday..... 26	from 42 to 55	29.72 to 29.78
Saturday.... 27	from 52 to 65	29.80 to 29.79
Sunday..... 28	from 29 to 56	29.79 to 29.71
Monday..... 29	from 31 to 59	29.90 to 29.76
Tuesday.... 30	from 30 to 51	29.23 to 29.24
Wed. Oct. 1	from 40 to 51	28.74 to 29.05
Winds variable. Cloudy and clear alternately.		
Heavy rain on Tuesday and Wednesday.		
Rain fallen 1 inch, and .325 of an inch.		
Edmonton. C. H. ADAMS.		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. E. H. will find a letter for him at our Office next Saturday.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

RUTTER'S DELINEATIONS OF FONT-HILL and its ABBEY, richly embellished with numerous highly finished Engravings and spirited Wood-cuts, twenty-eight in number, will be published on the 1st of October. Price, to Non-Subscribers, in Medium 4to. French Paper, 11. 5s.; Elephant 4to. Drawing Paper, with early impressions of the Plates, 12. 10s.; and Proofs, on India Paper, Three Guineas and a Half.

Published by the Author, Shaftesbury; in London, by Charles Knight & Co. Pall Mall East; Longman, Hurst, & Co. Paternoster-row; Hurst, Robinson & Co. Cheap-side; John & Arthur Arch, Cornhill; &c. &c.

WORKS OF CANOVA.—On the 1st of October was published, Part XII. of a Series of Engravings in Outline, by Henry Moses, of the Works of ANTONIO CANOVA, in Sculpture and Modelling; with Descriptions from the Italian of the Countess Albrizzi.

This Part contains, 1. Monument of the Countess Elizabeth Mellerio—2. St. John the Baptist—3. Persius—4. Calliope—5. Plus VI.

This Work will be published Monthly, in Imperial 8vo. price 4s.; Imperial 4to. price 6s.; 50 Copies only will be taken off on India Paper; price 10s. 6d. Each Part will contain five Engravings, with Letter-press descriptions. Prospectuses of the Work may had of the publisher, Septimus Prowell, 220, Strand, opposite, Arundel-street.

On Saturday, the 11th of October, will be published, No. 1. price 6d. to be continued every Saturday, of **THE SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY** of Fine Arts, Antiquities, and Literary Chit-Chat. Collected by EPHRAIM HARD-CASTLE, Citizen and Drysalter, and others of the Old School; for the amusement of the worthy Metropolitans.

To contain—First, The October Fire-Side—Wine and Walnuts, a New Series—My Great Uncle Zachary's Scrap-Book—Old London before the great Fire of 1666—The Painter's Scrap-Book, containing all the Processes for Painting in Oil and Water Colours, communicated by Professors—The History of the Rise and Progress of the English School of Art—The History of Scene Painting for the Stage, with an Account of the most celebrated Scene Painters from the time of King James I.—History of the Organ and Violin—The Stage Scrap-Book, collected by an Old Comedian—The Musical Scrap-Book, collected by an Old Musician—The Life and Opinions of Old Pick-a-back, the Crazy Usher of our School—With many other Original Essays, which will be duly announced.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Biography.—Revised and enlarged to the present Time, price 17. 5s. bds. or 17. 5s. bound and lettered.

A UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, including every Eminent Character of all Ages and Nations, Historical and Literary, and containing above 13,000 Articles.

By JOHN WATKINS, LL.D.

Also, New and Revised Editions of the following approved Works:

Mavor's British Nepos, or Accounts of Illustrious Britons, for the Use of Schools. Price 5s. with Portraits.

Mavor's Abridgment of the Lives of Plinarch, Price 6s. bound.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, London.

Companion to the Domestic Cookery.

The Third Edition, much improved and enlarged, in one thick vol. 12mo. price 8s. 6d.

PRACTICAL DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A new System, founded on Modern Discoveries and the Private Communications of Persons of Experience. To which are now first added, Estimates of Household Expenses, founded on Economical Principles, and adapted to Families of every description.

N.B. The Estimates may be had separately, price 2s. "This work contains a variety of new and useful information, calculated at once to increase our comforts and diminish our expenses."—New Monthly Mag.

Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street.

COUNT LAS CASES' JOURNAL OF THE

CONVERSATIONS OF NAPOLEON.—The Public are respectfully informed that this important and interesting Work is now concluded, by the publication of the 7th and 8th Parts; and those who have not yet completed their Sets, are requested to make application to their respective Booksellers.

50, Conduit-street, Sept. 24, 1823.

These concluding Parts contain, among a variety of other curious matter—Portraits, by Napoleon, of all the English Ministers—His opinion of the Duke of Wellington and other great Commanders—Observations on the Character of the late Princess Charlotte—Anecdotes of the interior of the Tuilleries, and particularly of the two French Emperors—Curious Particulars respecting the Duke D'Enghien—Napoleon's intended self-destruction on the 12th August—Remarks on his Family—Curious Anecdotes and Facts relative to Caulincourt, Bernadotte, General Moreau, the Emperor Paul, the Prince de Beauvau, Cambacres, Madame Murat, General Dumouriez, the Duchess of Lucon, the Emperor Alexander, the Duke of Bassano, Madame de Montespan, Marshal Ney, Princess Pauline, Prince Poniatowski, Regnaud St. Jean d'Angely, Madame de Staël, Madame Recamier, &c. &c. &c.

In 2 vols. 12mo. price 14s. 6ds.
THE HERMIT IN PRISON: translated from the French of E. JOUVY, Member of the Institute, and Author of the *Hermit of the Chausses d'Antin*, Seylla, &c. and A. JAY.
 Printed for G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Marie-lane.

In 12mo. price 7s. 6ds.
CLAVIS HORATIANA; or, a Key to the Odes of Horace. To which is prefixed, a Life of the Poet, and an Account of the Horatian Metres. For the Use of Schools.
 Printed for G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Marie-lane.

In 3 vols. 8vo. 21. 5s. A New Edition, considerably enlarged and improved, with numerous Plates, Woodcuts, Diagrams, &c.

A MANUAL OF CHEMISTRY, containing the Principal Facts of the Science, arranged in the Order in which they are discussed and illustrated in the Lectures at the Royal Institution.

By W. T. BRANDE, Secretary to the Royal Society, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, &c. &c. &c.
 Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

New System of Geography.
 Price 7s. 6d. Part the Eighth of
A SYSTEM OF UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY. By M. MALTE BRUN, Editor of the *Annales des Voyages*, &c.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, and Adam Black, Edinburgh.
 The Work is to be completed in fourteen Parts, forming seven octavo volumes.

M. Malte Brun is, probably known to most of our readers as the author of a systematic work on Geography; he is besides the Editor of *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages*; the first is as much superior to the compilations of our Geographical Writers, as the other is to the garbled productions of our Translators and Narrators.

Quarterly Review, No. 34.

Price One Guinea, in 6ds. the Tenth Part of
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA. (Part XI. will appear on the 1st of next January.) This Part contains, amongst a variety of other articles, the following:

Pure Sciences.—Logic, completed.
 Mixed and applied Sciences.—Physical Astronomy, completed.—Magnetism.

Biography and History.—L. Cornelius Sylla, Part II.—Caius Julius Cæsar, Part I.—Spain—Gaul.

Miscellaneous.—Blind—Blind—Blacks—Blowpipe—Bohemian—Bombay—Boring—Machine—Borneo—Brazil—Breakwater—Bridge—Britain—With the usual portion of the English Lexicon.

A few copies are printed on superfine Royal Paper, with Proof Impressions of the Plates, 11. 10s. 6ds.

Printed for J. Mawman; C. & J. Rivington; Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy; Sherwood, Jones, & Co.; G. & W. B. Whittaker; Ogle, Duncan, & Co. London; J. Parker, Oxford; and Deighton & Sons, Cambridge; and may be had of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

Illustrated with Engravings, price 7s. 6d.
THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Conducted by Dr. DREWSTER and Professor JAMESON. No. 18.

Contents:—Biographical Notice of M. Le Chevalier Delambre—Prof. Buckland on the Caves at Kirby Moorside, &c.—Account of a Map of Devon, or Tavay, by Dr. F. Hamilton—On the Knights moves over the Chessboard—Mr. Murray on the Fall of the Leaf, and the Painted Corolla—Mr. Miller on the Temperature of Mines—Tables of the variation of the Magnetic Needle—Dr. Fleming's Gleanings of Natural History—Mr. Harvey on Nits and Dew—Mr. Don on five new Genera of Plants—Dr. Brewster on Moveable Crystals in the Carotids of Minerals—Dr. Yule on the Embryo of vascular Plants—Mr. Haff's newly invented Machine for carrying Ships out and into Harbour—M. Gay Lussac's Reflections on Volcanos—M. Frauenhofer on the Refractive Powers of Glass—Reverend C. F. Borgeren's Description of Vette's Giel, in Norway—On the Heights of the Snowy Peaks of the Himalaya Mountains—Mr. Bowditch on the Geognosy of Madeira and Porto Santo—Biographical Notice of Baron Hering—Mr. Perkins' Method of applying his new Invention to the Boilers of Steam Engines—Mineralogical Description of some Aerolites—M. Struve and Professor Amici on Double Stars—Drs. Hoppe and Horaschuch's Tour in Carniola, &c.—On the Circular Sterns of Ships—Dr. Brewster's Reply to Mr. Brook, on the Optical System of Mineralogy—Dr. Richardson on the Geognostical Structures of Hudson Bay and the Polar Sea—Dr. Knox on the Anatomy of the Ornithorhynchus—Mr. Faraday on Gases—Dr. Gmelin, on a black Mineral from Candy—Celestial Phenomena, from 1st October 1833 to 1st January 1834—Proceedings of the Wernerian Society, &c. Scientific Intelligence, &c. &c.

Printed for Archibald Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, & Co. London.—Of whom may be had, all the preceding Numbers.

Just published, price 10s. 6ds.
FERDINAND THE TENTH; or, a Drama, in Five Acts. Translated from the Spanish of Don Manuel Sarraute.

Is it fit, or can it bear the shock Of rational discussion, that a man, Compounded and made up like other men Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust And folly in as simple measure meet. As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules; Should be a despot absolute, and boast Himself the only freeman of his land? London: Published by Sherwood, Jones, & Co. Paternoster-row; and to be had of all Booksellers.

In 12mo. 6th edit. price 6s. 6ds.

THE LONDON PRACTICE OF MIDWIFERY; to which are added, Instructions for the Treatment of Lying-in Women, and the principal Diseases of Children. Chiefly designed for the Use of Students and Early Practitioners.

London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Co.; Callow & Wilson; Cox & Son; R. Scholey; Ogle, Duncan, & Co.; T. & G. Underwood; Burgess & Hill; G. Mackie; and S. Highley.

Of whom may be had, The London Dissector; or, System of Dissection practised in the Hospitals and Lecture Rooms of the Metropolis; explained by the clearest Rules, for the Use of Students. In 12mo. 6th edit. price 5s. 6ds.

On the 1st of October was published,

KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

No. II.—Contents: Castle Vernon—On Quadrilles—The Troubadour, a Poem—On the Plays of Sir John Suckling—My First Folly—My Maiden Brief—On the Pastoral Romance of Longus—The Staffordshire Collieries—Points—An unpublished Episode of Valter—On the Illnesses of Authors—Horn Albans—Recollections of my Travels; Leonora—The Wreath—Cockney Balam—On Mosque and Tower—Lord Byron, Past and Present—The Haven, a Greek Tale—The Black Chamber, from the German—The first Songstress in Town—On the English Character, by a Foreigner—Introductory Stanzas to the Second Canto of La Belle Trémour—La Belle Trémour, Part II.—Damasippus—On the Monopolies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres—The Cause of the Greeks—What you will, No. II. Printed for Charles Knight & Co. 7, Pall-Mall East.

Just published, by J. Walker, 44, Paternoster-row, No. III. Price 1s.

THE FAMILY ORACLE OF HEALTH,

ECONOMY, and GOOD-LIVING, for all ranks of Society. By Dr. CRELL and Mr. WALLACE. Among 33 useful articles and Family Receipts, are:—October Diseases—To escape Declines at the fall of the Leaf—Weekly Plans of Economy for a Guinea a week and 300l. a year—Effects of Snuff on the Brain, the Eyes, &c. Art of Training applied to strengthen the Weak—Cooking—Seasoning—Time of Eating—Diseases cured by Diet without Medicine—Whets before Dinner, or how to increase Hunger—The Haubag of Gratis Advice—Visit to London Tea Shops, and Tests of good Tea—Tooth-ache Cured without Extraction—Pork—October Beer—Sir A. Cooper and Mr. Earle—Traps for Pupils—Cure for Corns, by Mr. S. Cooper—Infallible Cure for Measles and Scarlet Fever—Expenses of Medical Education, with Characters of the London Hospitals and Lecturers—Qualities of Apples, Pears—Ching's Worm Lozenges, &c. &c. &c.

In No. II. are—Easy Shaving on Chemical Principles—Medical Qualities of Malt Liqueur, by Sir A. Carlisle and Mr. Brande—On Vegetable Diet, by P. B. Shelly, Esq.—Gout and Rheumatism—Dinner Pills—Sugar-Champagne, &c. &c. &c.

In No. I. are—Oyster Eating—Smoking Tobacco—Stomach Comforter after Feasting—Royal Sleeping Draught, &c. &c. &c.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

for October 1, contains, I. A Day at Fonthill—II. Conversations of Napoleon with Count Las Cases, Part V. and last—III. The Isle of Founts, by Mrs. Hemans—IV. Penzance, a Spanish Historical Fragment—V. Living French Poets, No. 1, De Beranger—VI. Literature and Law—VII. Bond Street in September—VIII. Memoirs of Count Rapp and Baron Pain IX. On External Appearances—X. Autumnal Leaves—XI. The Poet among the Trees—XII. Ade Reia—XIII. The Sunless Summer—XIV. French Comic Actors—XV. The Physician, No. 10—On the Power of Habit—XVI. Fortune Telling—XVII. Our Lady's Well—XVIII. The Apparition—XIX. Mind and Body—XX. The Daughter of Meath—XXI. Truth and Young Romances—XXII. The Earthquakes of Sicily—XXIII. Sonnet on an Infant—XXIV. On Drawing—And the usual Reports and Varieties in Art, Science, general Literature, Music and the Drama, Political, Commercial and Domestic Occurrences, &c. &c.

London: Printed for H. Colburn & Co. Conduit-street; Bell & Bradbute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.—Of whom may be had all the former Numbers, from the commencement of the Work in January 1831.

Handsome printed in Folscap 8vo. price 5s. 6ds.
SCHOOL HOURS, or a Collection of Exercises and Prize Poems, composed by the Young Gentlemen, under the Tutelage of the Rev. A. BUCKNABY, M.A. Louth, Lincolnshire.
 London: Printed for Simpkin & Marshall, Stationers' Hall-court, Ludgate-street; and Budd & Calkin, Pall-Mall; sold by J. & J. Jackson, Louth, and all Booksellers.

In 3 vols. 12mo. 24s.
ISABELLA. A Novel. By the Author of Rhoda, Plain Sense, and Things by Their Right Names.—"This is one of the few really good novels that make their appearance in a series of cheap, such as *Cecilia*, *Rhoda*, *Plain Sense*. We know not how better to laud *Isabella*, than by saying it is the production of the Author of *Rhoda* and *Plain Sense*—each forms the eulogy of each. *Isabella* evinces the perfect triumph of virtue and good sense over every evil in life; the book is one that may be placed with the greatest advantage in the hands of every young female, married and unmarried—the interest is powerfully kept up throughout."

Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street.

The 3d & 4th Vols. of
THE HERMIT ABROAD. By the celebrated author of "The Hermit in London," and "Hermit in the Country."

Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street.

Of whom may be had, lately published,
 1. The Hermit in London, 4th edit. comprised in 3 vols. 21s.

2. The Hermit in the Country, 3d edit. comprised in 3 vols. 21s.

A few Copies of the 4th vol. may be had to complete the first edition, 7s.

Physician's Vade-Mecum.

In 12mo. price 7s. 6ds. A New Edition, enlarged, of
THE PHYSICIAN'S VADE-MECUM; containing the Symptoms, Causes, Diagnosis, Prognosis, and Treatment of Diseases. Accompanied by a select Collection of Formulae, and a Glossary of Terms.

By ROBERT HOOPER, M.D. &c. &c.
 Printed for Thomas & George Underwood; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green; Samuel Highley; G. & W. B. Whittaker; Burgess & Hill; and Adam Black, Edinburgh.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author, The Surgeon's Vade-Mecum, 8s.—The Anatomist's Vade-Mecum, 9s.—Anatomical Examinations, price 2s. 6d.

The Second Livraison, in two Parts, with two 8s. 6d. and Four Maps, price 25s. and in French, 36s.

NAPOLEON'S MEMOIRS; illustrative of the History of France, from the Year 1791 to 1814. Dictated at St. Helena, to the Generals who shared his Captivity; and published from the Original Manuscript. CORRECTED BY HIMSELF.

Among many other subjects of high interest in these two new Parts will be found—Napoleon's Account of the Expedition to Egypt, and the Policy of the French with respect to that Country—His Remarks on Maritime War, and on the Navies of France and England—The Battle of the Nile—Narrative of the March of the French Army on Cairo—The Battle of the Pyramids—The Taking of Cairo—The Expedition of the French into Syria—The Sieges of Jaffa and St. Jean d'Acre—The Defeat of Mustapha Pacha, at Aboukir, &c. interspersed with a variety of curious Observations on the Religion, Laws, and Manners of the Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, &c.—The Miscellaneous Part contains Remarks on the Campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene, Frederic the Great, Charles XII. and Napoleon; with a comparison between the Passage of the Alps by the latter in 1800, and that of Hannibal—Particulars of the Wars of Spain and Russia—The History and Examination of the Maritime claims of England, and the opposition made to them at different periods by France, the United States, and the Northern Powers—The Armed Neutrality of the Northern States—The Battle of Copenhagen—The Assassination of the Emperor Paul of Russia, &c.—Forty-four Notes on the Work, entitled Manuscript from St. Helena, and on that of M. Fleury de Chaboulon, &c. &c.

N.B. The Third and Fourth Livraisons, which complete this important Work, are now in the Press, and will appear immediately.

London: Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street; and M. Bossange & Co. Great Marlborough-street; and sold by Bell & Bradbute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, and Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the Literary Gazette Office, 362, (Exeter Exchange) Street; and 7, South Moulton Street, Oxford Street; sold also by E. Marlborough, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill; and J. Chappell & Son, 98, Royal Exchange.

B. BENSLEY, Printer, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.